



## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS FULLER.

[The following Essay, by Henry Rogers, author of "Reason and Faith," &c., was originally published in the Edinburgh Review about 15 years ago. It has lately been prefixed to a volume of Selections from Fuller's Writings.]

THE republication, within the last few years, of all the principal works of this singular author, affords us an opportunity, by no means unwelcome, of canvassing his merits, and assigning him his proper niche in the temple of our literature. Nor is it necessary, we are sure, to make any apology for dedicating a few of our pages to such a subject. *He* cannot be unworthy of attention who was a favorite author of Coleridge and Lamb, and of whom the former (certainly in a moment of unreflecting enthusiasm) could write thus: "Next to Shakespeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous;—the degree in which any given faculty, or combination of faculties, is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavor and quality of wonder." Let this statement of a critic, the soundness of whose literary judgments, generally correct and often admirable, cannot always be relied upon, require what abatement it may, it may be safely said, that there is scarcely any writer whose intellectual character will better repay an attempt at analysis than that of Fuller.

We set about our task the more willingly, as we believe it to be an act of bare justice. We are convinced that posterity has dealt hardly by his memory, and that there are hundreds who have been better remembered with far less claims to that honor. Thus it is singular that even Mr. Hallam, in his recent "History of European Literature," should not have bestowed upon him any special notice; dismissing him with only a slight allusion, in a note upon another subject.\* Yet Fuller was not only one of the

\* Hallam, vol. iii. p. 104. It must not be supposed that any serious censure of Mr. Hallam's great work is here intended. If it be singular that

most voluminous—an equivocal indication of merit, it must be allowed—but one of the most original writers in our language. If he had merely resembled those of his dull contemporaries, who wrote apparently for writing's sake—without genius or fancy, without any of those graces of thought or diction, which have a special claim on the historian of literature:—if his books had been collections of third-rate sermons or heavy commentaries; of commonplace spread out to the last degree of tenuity, scarcely tolerable even in the briefest form in which truisms can be addressed to our impatience, and perfectly insupportable when prolonged into folios—there would be sufficient reason for the critic's neglect. But it is far otherwise: though Fuller's works, like those of many of his contemporaries, are sometimes covered with rubbish, and swollen with redundancies, they are, as is the case also with some of them, instinct with genius. Like Taylor, and Barrow, and Sir Thomas Brown, he wrote with a vigor and originality, with a fertility of thought and imagery, and a general felicity of style, which, considering the quantity of his compositions, and the haste with which he produced them, impress us with wonder at his untiring activity and preternatural fecundity. He has scattered with careless prodigality, over the pages of his many works, thoughts and images which, if collected, properly disposed, and purified from the worthless matter which encrusts, and often buries them, would have insured him a place beside those who, by writing less and elaborating it more, by concentrating their strength on works of moderate compass and high finish, have secured themselves a place not only in the libraries, but in the memories, of their readers; and are not simply honored with an occasional reference, but live in perpetual and familiar quotation.

Before proceeding further with the analysis

Fuller has been so summarily dealt with, it would have been far more singular had there been no important omissions. The real wonder is, that the author should have been able at all to dispose of subjects, so immense and so multifarious, in so moderate a compass; to *daguerreotype* so boundless a landscape, on so small a surface, with such fidelity and distinctness.

of Fuller's intellectual character, it may be advisable to give a rapid sketch of the principal events of his life.

He was born in 1608 at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire; his father was the Rev. T. Fuller, rector of St. Peter's in that village. His early education seems to have been conducted chiefly under the paternal roof, and that so successfully, that at twelve years of age he was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge; the Master of which was his maternal uncle, Dr. Davenant, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. In 1624-5, he took his degree of B.A., and that of M.A. in 1628. He then removed to Sidney College, and, after a short interval, was chosen minister of St. Benet, Cambridge, where his great talents as a preacher soon rendered him extremely popular. Preferment now came rapidly. In 1631, he was chosen fellow of Sidney College, and made a prebendary of Salisbury. The same year was signalized by his maiden publication. Like many other men of powerful imagination, who have eventually distinguished themselves as prose writers, he had in early life toyed a little with the Muses. His first work was poetical, and we may be sure that it was steeped in the quaintness which was equally characteristic of the age and of the man. The very title, indeed, smacks of that love of alliteration of which his writings are so full. It was entitled "David's Hainous Sin, Heartie Repentance, and Heavie Punishment." It is now extremely scarce. Peace to its ashes! its author's prose writings have a better and a surer claim to remembrance.

Soon after entering priests' orders, he was presented to the rectory of Broad Winsor, in Dorsetshire. In 1635 he repaired again to Cambridge, to take his degree of Bachelor of Divinity; and, on his return to Broad Winsor, got rid of another kind of bachelorship in a happy marriage.

This event took place in 1638; but his felicity was not of long continuance. After giving birth to one son, his wife died, about the year 1641. In the quietude of Broad Winsor "he began to complete," to use a curious phrase of one of his biographers, "several works he had planned at Cambridge;" but, getting sick of solitude, and impatient to know something more of public affairs, he went to London, where his pulpit talents soon obtained him an invitation to

the lectureship of the Savoy. In 1639-40 he published his "History of the Holy War," which gained him some money and more reputation. He was a member of the Convocation which assembled at Westminster in 1640, and has left us a minute account of its proceedings in his "Church History." In 1643 he preached at Westminster Abbey, on the anniversary of the king's inauguration; and the sermon contained some dangerous allusions to the state of public affairs. His text was characteristic: "Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my lord the king is come again in peace." The sermon, when printed, gave great umbrage to the parliamentary party, and involved the preacher in no little odium. In the previous year he published his best and most popular work, entitled "The Holy and Profane State." Refusing to take an oath to the Parliament, except with certain reservations, Fuller left London and repaired to the king at Oxford, by whom he was well received. The king was anxious to hear him preach. Fuller complied; but, strange to say, he managed to displease the royalists as much as he had before displeased the patriots. His ill-success on both occasions may be taken as an argument of his sincerity and moderation, whatever may be thought of his worldly wisdom.

During his stay at Oxford he resided at Lincoln College; but he was not long to escape the cup which, in those sad times, came round to all parties. Sequestration was pronounced against him, and was embittered by the loss of all his books and manuscripts. This misfortune was partly repaired by the generosity of Henry Lord Beauchamp and Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex—the latter of whom bestowed upon him the remains of his father's library. In order to obviate the suspicion of indifference to the king's cause, he now sought and obtained, from Sir Ralph Hop-ton, a chaplaincy in the royal army; and employed his leisure, while rambling through the country, in collecting materials for his future work, "The Worthies of England." It appears that, in his capacity of chaplain, he could, on occasion, beat "drum ecclesiastic" as well as any of the preachers in Cromwell's army; for we are told that, when a party of the royalists were besieged at Basing-House, Fuller animated

the garrison to so vigorous a defence, that Sir William Waller was compelled to abandon the siege. When the royal forces were driven into Cornwall, Fuller, taking refuge in Exeter, resumed his studies, and preached regularly to the citizens. During his stay here, he was appointed chaplain to the Princess Henrietta Maria (then an infant), and was presented to the living of Dorchester. He was present at the siege of Exeter, in the course of which an incident occurred, so curious in itself, and narrated by Fuller (who vouches for the truth of his statement) in so characteristic a style, that no apology is necessary for inserting his account of it here; leaving the reader to philosophize upon it in any way that may seem to him most proper. The extract is from the "Worthies of England":—"When the city of Exeter was besieged by the parliamentary forces, so that only the south side thereof, towards the sea, was open unto it, incredible numbers of larks were found in that open quarter, for multitude like *quails* in the *wilderness*, though (blessed be God!) unlike them both in *cause* and *effect*, as not desired with man's destruction, nor sent with God's anger, as appeared by their safe digestion into wholesome nourishment: hereof I was an *eye* and a *mouth* witness. I will save my credit in not conjecturing any number, knowing that herein, though I should *stoop* beneath the *truth*, I should *mount* above *belief*. They were as fat as plentiful; so that, being sold for twopence a-dozen and under, the poor, who could have no *cheaper*, as the rich no *better meat*, used to make *potage* of them, *boiling* them down therein. Several natural causes were assigned hereof. . . . However, the *cause of causes* was *Divine Providence*."

After the taking of Exeter, Fuller once more repaired to London, where he obtained the lectureship at St. Clement's, Lombard Street, and subsequently that of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. He does not appear to have long discharged the functions of either, "having been forbidden" (to use his own language), "till further order, the exercise of his public preaching." Silenced though he was, however, this did not prevent his being presented, about 1648, to the living of Waltham. For this he was indebted to the Earl of Carlisle, to whom he had become chaplain. To men of less activity of mind,

and less zealous to do good, compulsory silence might have been no unacceptable concomitant of a rich living; but not to Fuller. The first two years of his time here he spent chiefly in the preparation of one of the quaintest of all his writings—his "Pisgah-sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof, with the History of the Old and New Testaments acted thereon." The work was illustrated by several curious engravings, in which the artists seem to have vied in quaintness with the author, and which are as characteristic of the spirit of the age as the letterpress which accompanied them. In the two or three following years he published several tracts and sermons, which have long since passed into oblivion. In 1654 he married again, and into a noble family; his wife being the sister of Viscount Baltinglass. In 1655, as Mr. Chalmers tells us, he persisted in the discharge of his ministerial functions, "notwithstanding Cromwell's prohibition of all persons from preaching or teaching schools, who had been adherents of the late king." We shall not stop to inquire whether the biographer has been altogether just to Cromwell, in omitting to state that the ordinance in question was immediately modified, on Archbishop Usher's representation of its hardship, and its application limited to such clergymen as had been *political* offenders. It is more to our purpose to observe, that we may account for Fuller's continuing to preach, without either accusing him of rash zeal, or praising him for conscientious resistance; inasmuch as he was duly authorized so to do by the Court of "Triers," before whom he had been examined. Calamy has given us a droll account of Fuller's perplexities when summoned to this ordeal. He doubtless had some misgivings as to whether he might be able to answer satisfactorily all the inquisitorial inquiries of this strange court; and whether he might not get *timed* by some of their theological subtleties. In this dilemma, he applied to the celebrated John Howe (then one of Cromwell's chaplains), whose Catholic spirit ever prompted him to exert whatever influence he possessed in behalf of the good men of all parties. "You may observe, sir," said Fuller to him, "that I am a somewhat corpulent man, and I am to go through a very *strait* passage. I beg you would be so good as to give me a shove,

and help me through." Howe gave him the best advice in his power. When the "Triers" inquired, "Whether he had ever had any experience of a work of grace in his heart?" Fuller replied in terms of cautious generality, that, "He could appeal to the Searcher of all hearts, that he made a conscience of his very thoughts;"—implying, doubtless, that it was not without the most diligent investigation of his motives, that he had ventured on the sacred office. With this answer they were satisfied, and it was, perhaps, well for Fuller, that it was not more specific.

In 1656, he published his "Church History of Great Britain," to which was appended, "The History of the University of Cambridge," and "The History of Waltham Abbey." His "Church History" called forth some animadversions from Dr. Heylyn, to which Fuller replied. In 1658, Lord Berkely, one of his many patrons, made him his chaplain, and presented him to the rectory of Cranford in Middlesex. Just before the Restoration, he was reinstated in his lectureship in the Savoy, and immediately after it, was restored to his prebend at Salisbury, appointed chaplain-extraordinary to the king, and created Doctor of Divinity by *mandamus*. He was within sight of a bishopric, when death brought all his earthly prospects to a close in 1661. He was buried in his church at Cranford, in the chancel of which there is a monument to his memory. The Latin inscription, which has the rare merit of telling but little more than the truth, closes with an antithetical conceit, so much in Fuller's vein, that it would have done his heart good, could he but have read the following sentence:—"Hic jacet Thomas Fuller . . . Qui dum viros Angliæ illustres opere posthumo immortalitate consecrare meditatus est, ipse immortalitatem est consecutus." This alludes to the "Worthies of England," partly printed before his death, but published by his son.

Fuller is one of the few voluminous authors who are never tedious. No matter where we pitch, we are sure to alight on something which stimulates attention; and perhaps there is no author equally voluminous, to whom we could so fearlessly apply the *ad aperturam libri* test. Let the subject be ever so dry and barren, he is sure to surround it with some unlooked-for felicity,

or at least some entertaining oddity of thought or expression: the most meagre matter of fact shall suggest either some solid reflection or curious inference, some ingenious allusion or humorous story; or, if nothing better, some sportive alliteration or ludicrous pun. To this must be added, that his reflections and his images are in general so exceedingly novel, (often, it is true, far-fetched and quaint enough, but often also very beautiful,) that they surprise as well as please, and please in a great measure by surprising us. Probably there is no other author who so often breaks upon his readers with turns of thought for which they are totally unprepared; nor would it be unamusing to watch the countenance of any intelligent man while perusing his pages. We will venture to say, that few writers in the English language could produce more rapid variations of expression. We should see the face, in succession, mantling with a smile—distended into a broad grin—breaking out into loud laughter; the eyebrows now arched to an expression of sudden wonder and pleased surprise; the whole visage now clouded with a momentary shade of vexation over some wanton spoiling of a fine thought—now quieted again into placidity, by the presentation of something truly wise or beautiful, and anon chuckling afresh over some outrageous pun or oddity. The same expression could not be maintained for any three paragraphs—perfect gravity scarcely for three sentences.

The activity of Fuller's suggestive faculty must have been immense. Though his principal characteristic is wit, and that too so disproportionate, that it conceals in its ivy-like luxuriance the robust wisdom about which it coils itself, his illustrations are drawn from every source and quarter, and are ever ready at his bidding. In the variety, frequency, and novelty of his illustrations, he strongly resembles two of the most imaginative writers in our language, though in all other respects still more unlike them than they were unlike one another—Jeremy Taylor and Edmund Burke. Each, indeed, has his peculiar characteristics, even in those very points in which they may be compared. The imagination of Jeremy Taylor takes its hue from his vast learning, and derives from classical and historical allusions more than half its sources of illus-

tration; that of Fuller, from the wit which forms the prime element in his intellectual constitution. Burke, on the other hand, had comparatively little wit; at least it was no characteristic: the images his mind supplies are chiefly distinguished by splendor and beauty. Still, in a boundless profusion of imagery of one kind or another, available on all occasions and on all subjects, and capable of clothing sterility itself with sudden freshness and verdure, they all resemble one another, and, in this point, are perhaps unequalled among English prose writers. Most marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy, which can adorn whatever it touches—which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty—make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice, and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men; and, taken in connection with other qualities, which neither Taylor nor Fuller possessed, namely, method and taste, will do more to give books permanent power and popularity than even the very truths they contain. Indeed, that, to a great extent, may be said of every discourse, which Fuller says more particularly of sermons, "that though reasons are the pillars of the fabric, similitudes are the windows which give the best lights."

We have said that Fuller's faculty of illustration is boundless; surely it may be safely asserted, since it can diffuse even over the driest geographical and chronological details an unwonted interest. We have a remarkable exemplification of this in those chapters of his "Holy War," in which he gives what he quaintly calls "a Pisgah-sight, or Short Survey of Palestine in general;" and a still stronger, if possible, in his "Description of the Citie of Jerusalem." In these chapters, what in other hands would have proved little more than a bare enumeration of names, sparkles with perpetual wit, and is enlivened with all sorts of vivacious allusions. One or two short specimens of the arts by which he manages to make such a "survey" attractive will be found below; \* but much of the effect is lost by their being presented in a detached form.

\* "Nain, where our Saviour raised the widow's son, so that she was twice a mother, yet had but one child."

The principal attribute of Fuller's genius is unquestionably wit; though, as Coleridge has well observed, "this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts—for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped the stuff." If it be inquired what was the character of his wit, it must be replied, it is so various, and assumes so many different shapes, that one might as well attempt to define wit itself; and this, seeing the comprehensive Barrow has contented himself with an enumeration of its forms, in despair of being able to include them all within the circle of a precise definition, we certainly shall not attempt. Suffice it to say, that all the varieties recorded in that singularly felicitous passage are exemplified in the pages of our author. Of his wit, as of wit in general, it may be truly said, that "sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or

"Mount Carmel, the Jewish Parnassus, where the prophets were so conversant." "Aphak, whose walls falling down, gave both death and gravestones (!) to 27,000 of Benhadad's soldiers." "Tyre, anciently the Royal Exchange of the world." "The river Kishon, the besom to sweep away Sisera's army." "Gibbos, the mountain that David cursed, that neither dew nor rain should fall on it; but of late, some English travellers climbing this mountain were well wetted, David not cursing it by a prophetic spirit but in a poetical rapture." "Gilgal, where the manna ceased, the Israelites having till then been fellow commoners with the angels." "Gibeon, whose inhabitants cozened Joshua with a pass of falsedated antiquity. Who could have thought that clouted shoes could have covered so much subtlety." "Gaza, the gates whereof Samson carried away; and being sent for to make sport in the house of Dagon, acted such a tragedy as plucked down the stage, slew himself and all the spectators." "Macpelah, where the patriarchs were buried, whose bodies took ivory and seisin in behalf of their posterity, who were to possess the whole land." "Edrei, the city of Og, on whose giant-like proportions the rabble have more giant-like lies." "Pisgah, where Moses viewed the land: herabouts the angel buried him, and also buried the grave, lest it should occasion idolatry."

gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable; being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy, and windings of language."

Of all the preceding varieties of wit, next to the "play with words and phrases," perhaps Fuller most delighted in "pat allusions to a known story;" "in seasonable application of a trivial saying;" "in a tart irony" and "an affected simplicity;" in the "odd similitude" and the "quirkish reason." In these he certainly excelled. We have noted some brief specimens, which we here give the reader. Speaking of the Jesuits he says, "such is the charity of the Jesuits, that they never owe any man any ill-will—making present payment thereof." Of certain prurient canons, in which virtue is in imminent danger of being tainted by impure descriptions of purity, he shrewdly remarks—"One may justly admire how these canonists, being pretended virgins, could arrive at the knowledge of the criticisms of all obscenity." Touching the miraculous coffin in which St André was deposited, he slyly says—"Under the ruined walls of Grantchester or Cambridge, a coffin was found, with a cover correspondent, both of white marble, which did fit her body so exactly, as if, (which one may believe was true) it was *made* for it." On Machiavel's saying, "that he who undertakes to write a history must be of no religion," he observes "if so, Machiavel himself was the best qualified of any in his age to be a good historian." On the unusual conjunction of great learning and great wealth in the case of Selden, he remarks, "Mr. Selden had some coins of the Roman emperors, and a great many more of our English kings." After commenting on the old story of St. Dunstan's pinching the Devil's nose with the red-hot tongue, he drolly cries out—"But away with all suspicions and queries. None need to doubt of the truth thereof, finding it in a sign painted in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar." The bare, bald style of the schoolmen, he tells us, some have attributed

to design "lest any of the vermin of equivocation should hide themselves under the *nap* of their words." On excessive attention to fashion in dress he says—"Had some of our gallants been with the Israelites in the wilderness, when for forty years their clothes waxed not old, they would have been vexed, though their clothes were whole, to have been so long in one fashion." Speaking of the melancholy forebodings which have sometimes haunted the death-bed of good men, he quaintly tells us, "that the Devil is most busy in the last day of his term, and a tenant to be *outed* cares not what mischief he does." Of unreasonable expectations he says, with characteristic love of quibbling, "those who *expect* what in reason they *cannot* expect, *may* expect." The court jester he wittily and truly characterizes thus—"It is an office which none but he that hath wit *can* perform, and none but he that wants wit *will* perform." Of modest women, who nevertheless dress themselves in questionable attire, he says—"I must confess some honest women may go thus, but no whit the honestest for going thus. That ship may have Castor and Pollux for the sign, which, notwithstanding, has St. Paul for the lading." He thus speaks of anger—"He that keepeth anger long in his bosom, giveth place to the Devil. And why should we make room for him who will crowd in too fast of himself? Heat of passion makes our souls to crack, and the Devil creeps in at the crannies." Of intellectual deficiencies in the very *tall* he remarks, "that oft-times such who are built four stories high, are observed to have little in their cock-loft." Of virtue in a very *short* man, he says, "His soul had but a short diocese to visit, and therefore might the better attend the effectual informing thereof."

Of the "quirkish reason," mentioned as one of the species of wit in the above-recited passage of Barrow, the pages of our author are full. What can be more ridiculous than the reason he assigns, in his description of the "good wife," for the *order* of Paul's admonitions to husbands and wives in the third chapter of the epistle to the Colossians? "The apostle first adviseth women to submit themselves to their husbands, and then counselleth men to love their wives. And sure it was fitting that women should first have their lesson given them, because it is

hardest to be learned, and therefore they need have the more time to con it. For the same reason we first begin with the character of a good wife." Not less droll, or rather far more so, is the manner in which he subtilizes on the command, that we are not "to let the sun go down on our wrath." Anger kept till the next morning, with manna, doth putrefy and corrupt; save that manna, corrupted not at all, (and anger most of all,) kept the next Sabbath. St. Paul saith, 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath,' to carry news to the antipodes in another world of thy revengeful nature. Yet let us take the apostle's meaning rather than his words, with all possible speed to depose our passion; not understanding him literally so that we may take leave to be angry till sunset; then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope of revenge."\*

Of all the *forms* of wit, Fuller affects that of the satirist least. Though he can be caustic, and sometimes is so, he does not often indulge the propensity; and when he does it is without bitterness; a sly irony, a good-humored gibe, which tickles, but does not sting, is all he ventures upon. Perhaps there is no mental quality whatever, which so much depends on the temperament and moral habitudes of the individual, as this of wit; so much so, indeed, that often they will wholly determine its character. We are inclined to think, that he who is master of any one species of wit, might make himself no mean proficient in all; whether it shall have the quality of waspish spleen, or grave banter, or broad and laughing humor, depends far more on moral than on intellectual causes. Imagine Fuller's wit in a man of melancholic temperament, querulous disposition, sickly health, morbid sensibility, or irritable vanity—and we should have a satirist whose malignity would repel, still more than his wit would attract. The sallies of our author are enjoyed without any

drawback, even when they are a little satirical; so innocent, so childlike, so free from malice, are they. His own temperament eminently favored the development of the more amiable qualities of wit: he was endowed with that happy buoyancy of spirit, which, next to religion itself, is the most precious possession of man; and which is second only to religion, in enabling us to bear with ease the trials and burdens of humanity. Both conspired to render him habitually light-hearted. With such a temperament, thus added to unfeigned piety and unfeigned benevolence; with a heart open to all innocent pleasures, and purged from the "leaven of malice and uncharitableness," it was as natural that he should be full of good-tempered mirth, as it is for the grasshopper to chirp, or the bee to hum, or the birds to warble, in the spring breeze and the bright sunshine. His very physiognomy was an index to his natural character. As described by his contemporaries, he had light flaxen hair, bright blue and laughing eyes, a frank and open visage. Such a face was a sort of guarantee, that the wit with which he was endowed could not be employed for any purpose inconsistent with constitutional good-nature. Accordingly, never was mirth more devoid of malice than his; unseasonable and in excess it doubtless often is, but this is all that can be charged upon it. His gibes are so pleasant, so tintured by an overflowing *bonhomie*, that we doubt whether the very subjects of them could forbear laughing in sympathy, though at their own expense. Equally assured we are, that, as he never uttered a joke on another with any malice, so he was quite ready to laugh when any joke was uttered upon himself. Never dreaming of ill-will to his neighbor, and equally unsuspecting of any towards himself, it must have been a bitter joke indeed in which he could not join. It is rarely that a professed joker relishes wit when directed against himself; and the manner in which he receives it may usually be taken as an infallible indication of his temper. He well knows the difference between laughing at another, and being laughed at himself. Fuller was not one of that *irritable genus*, who wonder that any should be offended at their innocent pleasantry, and yet can never find any pleasantry innocent but their own! There is a story

\*On this passage Charles Lamb makes the following characteristic remarks:—"This whimsical prevention of a consequence which no one would have thought of deducing, setting up an *absurdum* on purpose to hunt it down—placing guards, as it were, at the very outposts of possibility—gravely giving out laws to insanity, and prescribing moral fences to distempered intellects, could never have entered into a head less entertainingly constructed than that of Fuller or Sir Thomas Browne, the very air of whose style the conclusion of this passage most aptly intimates."

told, which, though not true, *ought* to have been true, and which, if not denied by Fuller, would have been supposed to authenticate itself. It is said that he once "caught a Tartar" in a certain Mr. Sparrowhawk, of whom he asked, "What was the difference between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" The reply was, that "an owl was *fuller* in the head, and *fuller* in the face, and *fuller* all over!" We believe that if the retort had been really uttered, it would have been received by the object of it, not with that curious expression of face so common on such occasions, in which constrained mirth struggles with mortified vanity, and simulated laughter vainly strives to cover real annoyance, but with a peal of hearty gratulation.\*

As the temperament of Fuller was most cheerful, and a pledge for the innocence of his wit, so he jested by what may be called a necessity of his nature—on all subjects, at all times, under all circumstances. Wit, in one or other of its multitudinous shapes, was the habitual attire of his thoughts and feelings. With the kindest heart in the world, he could not recite even a calamitous story without investing it with a tinge of the ludicrous. It would seem as if, in his case, a jest were the natural expression of all emotion; he is no more to be wondered at for mingling his condolence and his lamentations with merriment, than are other men for accompanying them with tears and sighs. An epitaph in his hand would have been a sort of epigram, not free from grotesque

\* This story is, however, more than doubtful; it is expressly denied by Fuller himself, in his reply to Heylyn's "Examen Historicum." The circumstances which led to the denial are curious. Fuller, in his "Ecclesiastical History," had related of Laud, that having once demanded of a lady, who had lately become a proelyte to Popery, the reason of the change, he received for answer, that "she hated a crowd." Upon being further pressed to explain so dark a saying, she said, "Your Lordship and many others are making for Rome as fast as ye can, and therefore, to prevent a press, I went before you." This anecdote roused the indignation of Heylyn, who by way of showing the impropriety of recording in print idle reports to the disadvantage of individuals, tells of a "retort" on Fuller, substantially the same with that related of Mr. Sparrowhawk, but disguised in a form, and attended with circumstances which rob it of more than half its point, and make Fuller appear to greater disadvantage than that of having merely been discomfited by a happy repartee. Fuller thus replied:—"My tale was true and new, never printed before; whereas his is old (made, it seems, on one of my name, printed before I was born) and false, never by man or woman retorted on me. I had rather my name should make many causelessly merry, than any justly sad; and, seeing it lieth equally open and obvious to praise and dispraise, I shall as little be elated when flattered—Fuller of wit and learning, as dejected when flouted—Fuller of folly and ignorance."<sup>11</sup>

humor; and his ordinary pulpit discourses must, we are convinced, have often contained passages which severely tried the gravity of his audience. In confirmation of all we have said, we may remark, that he actually finds it impossible to suppress his vivacious pleasantry even in the most tragical parts of his "histories," and tells the most rueful tidings in so droll a manner as sets all sobriety at defiance. One or two odd specimens we cannot refrain from laying before the reader. He thus recounts a "lamentable accident" which befell a congregation of Catholics at Blackfriars:—"The sermon began to incline to the middle, the day to the end thereof: when on the sudden the floor fell down whereon they were assembled. It gave no charitable warning groan beforehand, but cracked, broke, and fell, all in an instant. Many were killed, more bruised, all frightened. Sad sight, to behold the flesh and blood of different persons mingled together, *and the brains of one on the head of another!* One lacked a leg; another, an arm; a third, *whole and entire, wanting nothing but breath, stifled in the ruins.*" Was ever such a calamity so mirthfully related? But one of the most singular instances of the peculiarity in question, is contained in his account of the capture and execution of the principal conspirators in the Gunpowder plot. It is so characteristic, that no apology is required for inserting one or two extracts below.\*

\* "Meantime Catesby, Percy, Rookwood, both the Wrights, and Thomas Winter, were hovering about London, to attend the issue of the matter. Having sat so long abroad, and hatching nothing, they began to suspect that all their eggs had proved addle. Yet, betwixt hope and fear, they and their servants post down into the country, through Warwick and Worcester, into Staffordshire. Of traitors they turn felons, breaking up stables and stealing horses as they went. But many of their own men, by a far more lawful felony, stole away from their masters, leaving them to shift for themselves. The neighboring counties, and their own consciences, rise up against these riotous roisters, as yet unknown for traitors. At last Sir Richard Walsh, high sheriff of Worcestershire, overtook them at Holbeck, in Staffordshire, at the house of Mr. Stephen Littleton; where, upon their resistance, the two Wrights were killed, Rookwood and Thomas Winter shrewdly wounded. As for Percy and Catesby, they fought desperately for their lives, as knowing no quarter but *quartermen* would be given unto them; and, as if they scorned to turn their backs to any bus themselves, setting back to back, they fought against all that assaulted them. Many swords were drawn upon them, but 'gunpowder' must do the deed, which discharged that bullet which dispatched them both. Never were two bad men's deaths more generally lamented of all good men; only on this account—that they lived no longer, to be forced to a further discovery of their secret associates. It must not be forgotten, how, some hours before their apprehension, as these plotters were drying dank gunpowder in an inn, a miller casually coming in (haply not heeding the black meal on the hearth), by careless casting on of a billet, fired the gunpowder: up flies the chimney with part of the house; all therein are

So exuberant is Fuller's wit, that, as his very melancholy is mirthful, so his very wisdom wears motley. But it is wisdom notwithstanding; nor are there many authors, in whom we shall find so much solid sense and practical sagacity, in spite of the grotesque disguise in which they masque themselves. Nothing can be more true than the remark already quoted from Coleridge, that Fuller's wit has defrauded him of some of the praise of wisdom which is his due. There was nothing, however, of the reality, whatever there might be of the appearance of profane or inhuman levity, in his mode of dealing with sacred or serious subjects. His was the natural expression of much hilarity conjoined with much wit. He would have been mirthful, whether he had had much wit or not; having also much wit, his mirth expressed itself in the forms most natural to him. He spoke only as he felt; and though we may think that another mode of speech would have been more proper, and better adapted to the ordinary feelings of mankind under the circumstances, we cannot consent to rank the *facetia* of Fuller on grave subjects, with the profane, heartless witticisms of those with whom nothing is sacred, and who speak lightly because they feel lightly. His whole life and even his whole writings, prove him to have been possessed of genuine veneration for all that is divine, and genuine sympathy with all that is human.

The limits within which wit and humor may be lawfully used, are well laid down by himself in his "Holy and Profane State," in the essays on "Jesting and Gravity," and in his character of the "Faithful Minister." It would be too much to say that he has always acted strictly up to his own maxims; but it may be safely asserted that he seldom

frightened, most hurt; but especially Catesby and Rookwood had their faces soundly scorched, so bearing in their bodies, not *striquata*, 'the marks of Our Lord Jesus Christ,' but the print of their own impleties. Well might they guess how good that their cup of cruelty was, whose dregs they meant others should drink, by this little sip which they themselves had unwillingly tasted thereof. The rest were all at London solemnly arraigned, convicted, condemned. So foul the fact, so fair the proof, they could say nothing for themselves. Master Tresham dying in the prison, prevented a more ignominious end." . . . "They all craved testimony that they died Roman Catholics. My pen shall grant them this their last and so equal petition, and bears witness to all whom it may concern, that they lived and died in the Romish religion. And although the heinousness of their offence might, with some color of justice, have angered severity into cruelty against them, yet so favorably were they proceeded with, that most of their sons or heirs, except since disinherited by their own prodigality, at this day enjoy their paternal possessions."

violates the most important of them, and that, when he did, it was in perfect unconsciousness of so doing. Of *profane* jests, he says, in his strong manner—"Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice?" On *inhuman* jests, he says—"Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. O, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches!" In another place, he quaintly says, "It is *unnatural* to laugh at a natural." Speaking of the "Faithful Minister," he says—"That he will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote." But his sermons on the book of "Ruth" contain many curious instances of his oblivion of this maxim; of which, a striking one is given by the editor of the recent edition of his "Holy and Profane State." In his essay on "Gravity," he touchingly pleads for a charitable construction of the levities of a mirthful temperament. "Some men," says he, "are of a very cheerful disposition; and God forbid that all such should be condemned for lightness! O, let not any envious eye disinherit men of that which is their 'portion in this life,' comfortably to enjoy the blessings thereof! Yet gravity must prune, not root out our mirth." Gravity must have had hard work to do in his own case; for as he himself says in another place—beautifully commenting on a well-known line of Horace—"That fork must have strong tines where-with one would thrust out nature."

The imagination of Fuller, though generally displaying itself in the forms imposed by his overflowing wit, was yet capable of suggesting images of great beauty, and of true poetic quality. Though lost in the perpetual obtrusion of that faculty to which every other was compelled to minister, it is brilliant enough to have made the reputation of any inferior writer; and we believe that what Coleridge has said of his wisdom, might as truly be said of his fancy;—his wit has equally defrauded both of the admiration due to them.

Fuller's imagination is often happily employed in embodying some strong apophthegm, or maxim of practical wisdom, in a powerful and striking metaphor; the very

best form in which they can be presented to us. There occur in his writings very many sentences of this kind, which would not be altogether unworthy of Bacon himself, and in which, as in that far greater genius, we have the combination of solid truth, beautiful imagery, and graceful expression;—where we know not which most to admire—the value of the gem, the lustre of the polish, or the appropriateness of the setting.

In many respects, Fuller may be considered the very type and exemplar of that large class of religious writers of the seventeenth century, to which we emphatically apply the term “quaint.” That word has long ceased to mean what it once meant. By derivation, and by original usage, it first signified “scrupulously elegant,” “refined,” “exact,” “accurate,” beyond the reach of common art. In time it came to be applied to whatever was designed to indicate these characteristics—though excogitated with so elaborate a subtlety, as to trespass on ease and nature. In a word, it was applied to what was ingenious and fantastic, rather than tasteful or beautiful. It is now wholly used in this acceptation; and always implies some violation of true taste, some deviation from what the “natural” requires under the given circumstances. The application of the word both to literary compositions and to the more material products of art, of course simultaneously underwent similar modifications.

Now the age in which Fuller lived was the golden age of “quaintness” of all kinds;—in gardening, in architecture, in costume, in manners, in religion, in literature. As men improved external nature with a perverse expenditure of money and ingenuity—made her yews and cypresses grow into peacocks and statues—tortured and clipped her luxuriance into monotonous uniformity—turned her graceful curves and spirals into straight lines and parallelograms—compelled things incongruous to blend in artificial union, and then measured the merits of the work, not by the absurdity of the design, but by the difficulty of the execution;—so in literature, the curiously and elaborately unnatural was too often the sole object. Far-fetched allusions and strained similitudes, fantastic conceits and pedantic quotations, the eternal jingle of alliteration and antithesis, puns and quirks and verbal pleas-

antries of all kinds—these too often formed the choicest objects of the writer’s ambition. The excellence of the product was judged, not by its intrinsic beauty, but by the labour it involved, and the ingenuity it displayed.

But while much of the “quaint” literature of that age is now as little relished as the ruffs, wigs, and high-backed chairs of our great-great-grandfathers, there is not a little which will be held in everlasting remembrance. Not only are the works of powerful, though it may be perverted genius, full of thoughts and images, and felicities of expression, which, being the offspring of truth and fancy, will be beautiful through all time; but the aspect in which the “quaint” itself appears to us, will depend upon the character of the individual writer, and the nature of the subjects he treats. The constitution of Fuller’s mind had such an affinity with the peculiarities of the day, that what was “quaint” in others seems to have been his natural element—the sort of attire in which his active and eccentric genius loved to clothe itself. The habit which others perhaps slowly attained, and at length made (by those strong associations which can for a while sanctify any thing in taste or fashion) a second nature, seems to have cost him nothing. Allusions and images may appear odd, unaccountably odd, but in him they are evidently not far-fetched; they are spontaneously and readily presented by his teeming fancy: even his puns and alliterations seem the careless, irrepressible exuberances of a very sportive mind—not racked and tortured out of an unwilling brain, as is the case with so many of his contemporaries. We are aware, of course, that it is the office of a correct judgment to circumscribe the extravagances of the suggestive faculty, and to select from the materials it offers only what is in harmony with good taste. All we mean is, that in the case of Fuller, the suggestions, however eccentric, were spontaneous, not artificial—offered, not sought for. The water, however brackish or otherwise impure, still gushed from a natural spring, and was not brought up by the wheel and axle. His mind was a fountain, not a forcing-pump. Thus his very “quaintness” is also “nature”—nature in him, though it would not be so in others; and we therefore read his most outrageous extravagances with

very different feelings from those with which we glance at the frigid conceits and dreary impertinences of many of his contemporaries. Nor do we simply feel indulgence towards them as spontaneous; their very spontaneity insures them an elasticity and vivacity of expression, which we should seek in vain in writers whose minds had less affinity with the genius of the day.

Nor are we apt to forget that there are certain *subjects* to which the "quaint" style of those times is better adapted than to others; and in which it appears not destitute of a certain fantastic grace and fitness. We mean subjects in which little of passion or emotion would be expected. When conviction or persuasion is the object, and directness of purpose and earnestness of feeling are essential, we will not say to success, but merely to gain a hearing, nothing can be more repulsive, because nothing more *unnatural*, than the "quaint" style;—nothing being more improbable than that far-fetched similitudes and labored prettinesses should offer themselves to the mind at such a moment, except, indeed, where universal custom has made (as in the case of some of our forefathers) quaintness itself a second nature. When lachrymatories were the fashion, it might, for aught we can tell, have been easy for the ancient mourner to drop a tear into the little cruet at any given moment. But, ordinarily, nothing is more certain than that the very sight of such a receptacle would, as it was carried round to the company, instantly annihilate all emotion, even if it did not turn tears into laughter. Not less repellent, under ordinary circumstances, are all the forms of the "quaint" when the object is to excite emotion strong and deep. But it is not so with certain other subjects, in which the "quaint" itself is not without its recommendations; for example, in enforcing and illustrating moral maxims, in inculcating lessons of life and manners, in depicting varieties of human character—in all which cases no continuous reasoning, no warmth of passion, is expected or required. Here the fancy may be indulged in her most sportive and playful moods, and allowed to attire the sententious aphorisms she is commissioned to recommend, in any way that seems to her best. She may travel in any circuit, however wide, for her illustrations—may

employ analogies, the very oddity of which shall ensure their being remembered—may lock up wisdom in any curious casket of antithesis or alliteration—nay, may not disdain even a quip or a pun, when these may serve to stimulate attention, or to aid the memory. The very best specimens of the quaint style, at all events, are on such themes. Such, to mention a single example, is Earle's "Microcosmography;" such, also, are the best and most finished of Fuller's own writings—as his "Profane and Holy States," his "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," his "Good Thoughts in Worse Times," and his "Mixed Contemplations." The composition in such works often reminds us of some gorgeous piece of cabinet-work from China or India, in which ivory is richly inlaid with gems and gold. Though we may not think the materials always harmonious, or the shape perfectly consistent with our notions of elegance, we cannot fail to admire the richness of the whole product, and the costliness and elaboration of the workmanship.

We have said, that in many respects Fuller may be considered the master of the quaint school of the seventeenth century. It is by no means to be forgotten, however, that he is almost entirely free from many of the most offensive peculiarities of that school. As those qualities of quaintness he possesses in common with his contemporaries are, as already intimated, natural to *him*, so from those which could hardly be natural in *any*, he is for the most part free. Thus he is almost wholly untainted by that vain pedantry, which so deeply infects the style of many of the greatest writers of his age; more especially Burton, Jeremy Taylor, Donne, and Browne. His quotations are very rare, and generally very apt, introduced for use, not ostentation. You nowhere find that curious mosaic work of different tongues, which is so common in the pages of Burton and Taylor. You never find him, as you do this last writer, enforcing some commonplace of moral wisdom by half a dozen quotations from different writers, as though afraid to allow even a truism to walk abroad except under the guard of some venerable names; or as though men would not believe their own senses, unless they had the authority of antiquity for doing so. From all the forms of

learned pedantry, Fuller may be pronounced almost entirely free. His reading was various, and his learning great; though not to be compared to those of the above writers, whose powers, vast as they were, often sank beneath the load of their more prodigious erudition.

Fuller's style is also free to a great extent, from the Latinisms which form so large an element in that of many of his great contemporaries. Both in style and diction, he is much more idiomatic than most of them. The structure of his sentences is far less involved and periodic, while his words are in much larger proportion of Saxon derivation. Something may no doubt be attributed to the character of his mind; his shrewd practical sense leading him, as it generally leads those who are strongly characterized by it, to prefer the homely and universally intelligible in point of expression. Still more however, is to be attributed to the habits of his life. He was not the learned recluse which many of his contemporaries were, and neither read nor wrote half so much in the learned tongues. He loved to gossip with the common people; and, when collecting materials for his historical works, would listen, we are told, for hours together, to their prolix accounts of local traditions and family legends. Many, very many of the good old English words now lost, may be found in his writings. One passage of vigorous idiomatic English, and which is, in many other respects, striking exemplification of Fuller's manner, we cannot refrain from quoting. It is from his "Essay on Tombs:"

"Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered. Most moderate men have been careful for the decent interment of their corpses; . . . both hereby to prevent the negligence of heirs, and to mind him of his mortality. Virgil tells us, that when bees swarm in the air, and two armies, meeting together, fight as it were a set battle with great violence—cast but a little dust upon them, and they will be quiet: *Mhi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,*  
*Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.*"

"Thus the most ambitious motions and thoughts of man's mind are quickly quelled when dust is thrown on him, whereof his fore-prepared sepulchre is an excellent re-

membrancer. Yet some seem to have built their tombs, therein to bury their thoughts of dying; never thinking thereof, but embracing the world with greater greediness. A gentleman made choice of a fair stone, and, intending the same for his gravestone, caused it to be pitched up in a field a pretty distance from his house, and used often to shoot at it for his exercise. 'Yea, but,' said a wag that stood by, 'you would be loath, sir, to hit the mark.' And so are many unwilling to die, who, notwithstanding, have erected their monuments.

"Tombs ought, in some sort, to be proportioned, not to the wealth, but deserts of the party interred. Yet may we see some rich man of mean worth, loaden under a tomb big enough for a prince to bear. There were officers appointed in the Grecian games, who always, by public authority, did pluck down the statues erected to the victors, if they exceeded the true symmetry and proportion of their bodies.

"The shortest, plainest, and truest epitaphs are best.—I say, 'the shortest;' for when a passenger sees a chronicle written on a tomb, he takes it on trust some great man lies there buried, without taking pains to examine who he is. Mr. Camden, in his 'Remains,' presents us with examples of great men that had little epitaphs. And when once I asked a witty gentleman, an honored friend of mine, what epitaph was fittest to be written on Mr. Camden's tomb—'Let it be,' said he, 'Camden's Remains.' I say also, 'the plainest;' for, except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it. Lastly, it must be 'true;' not as in some monuments, where the red veins in the marble may seem to blush at the falsehoods written on it. He was a witty man that first taught a stone to speak, but he was a wicked man that taught it first to lie.

"To want a grave is the cruelty of the living, not the misery of the dead. An English gentleman, not long since, did lie on his death-bed in Spain, and the Jesuits did flock about him to pervert him to their religion. All was in vain. Their last argument was, 'If you will not turn Roman Catholic, then your body shall be unburied.' 'Then,' answered he, 'I will stink;' and so turned his head and died. Thus love, if not to the dead, to the living, will make

him, if not a grave a hole. . . . A good memory is the best monument. Others are subject to casualty and time; and we know that the pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.\* To conclude; let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside thereof."

One other Essay, which is not only a fine specimen of Fuller's best manner, but is full of sound practical criticism, we cannot resist the temptation to cite. It is on "Fancy:"

"Fancy is an inward sense of the soul, for a while retaining and examining things brought in thither by the common sense. It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul; for, whilst the understanding and the will are kept as it were in *liberâ custodiâ* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, the fancy is free from all engagements. It digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed; in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotency creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in nature are married in fancy, as in a lawful place. It is also most restless; whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the round, ever working, never wearied.

"The chief diseases of the fancy are either, that it is too wild and high-soaring, or else too low and grovelling, or else too desultory and over-voluble.

"Of the first:—If thy fancy be but a little too rank, age itself will correct it. To lift too high is no fault in a young horse: because, with travelling, he will mend it, for his own ease. Thus, lofty fancies in young men will come down of themselves; and, in process of time, the overplus will shrink to be but even measure. But if this will not do it, then observe these rules:

\* The reader may compare with this fine thought the still sublimer expressions of Sir Thomas Browne: "Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth on a pyramid gloriously triumphing, . . . and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceeth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded" the pyramids? "and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."

"Take part always with thy judgment against thy fancy, in any thing wherein they shall dissent. If thou suspectest thy conceits too luxuriant, herein account thy suspicion a legal conviction, and damn whatsoever thou doubtest of. Warily Tully:—*Benè memento, qui vetant quicquam facere de quo dubitas, æquum sit an iniquum.*

"Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure. When thou pennest an oration, let him have the power of *Index Expurgatorius*, to expunge what he pleaseth; and do not thou, like a fond mother, cry if the child of thy brain be corrected for playing the wanton. Mark the arguments and reasons of his alterations—why that phrase least proper, this passage more cautious and advised; and, after a while, thou shalt perform the place in thine own person, and not go out of thyself for a censorer.

"If thy fancy be too low and humble, let thy judgment be king not tyrant, over it, to condemn harmless, yea commendable conceits. Some, for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile. Give it also liberty to rove, for it will not be extravagant. There is no danger that weak folks, if they walk abroad, will straggle far, as wanting strength.

"Acquaint thyself with reading poets, for there fancy is in her throne; and, in time, the sparks of the author's wit will catch hold on the reader, and inflame him with love, liking, and desire of imitation. I confess there is more required to teach one to write than to see a copy. However, there is a secret force of fascination in reading poems, to raise and provoke fancy.

"If thy fancy be over-voluble, then whip this vagrant home to the first object whereon it should be settled. Indeed, nimbleness is the perfection of this faculty, but levity the bane of it. Great is the difference betwixt a swift horse, and a skittish that will stand on no ground. Such is the ubiquitary fancy, which will keep long residence on no one subject, but is so courteous to strangers, that it ever welcomes that conceit most which comes last, and new species supplant the old ones, before seriously considered. If this be the fault of thy fancy, I say, whip it home to the first object whereon it should be settled. This do as often as occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant

will learn to abide by his work without running away.

"Acquaint thyself by degrees with hard and knotty studies—as school divinity, which will clog thy over nimble fancy. True at the first, it will be as welcome to thee as a prison, and their very solutions will seem knots unto thee. But take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge. Taste it first as a potion for physic; and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst: practice will make it pleasant. Mathematics are also good for this purpose; if beginning to try a conclusion, thou must make an end, lest thou lose thy pains that are past, and must proceed seriously and exactly. I meddle not with those Bedlam fancies, all whose conceits are antics; but leave them for the physician to purge with hellebore.

"To clothe low, creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog in the top of them; the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.

"Fine fancies in manufactures invent engines rather pretty than useful. And, commonly, one trade is too narrow for them. They are better to project new ways than to prosecute old, and are rather skilful in many mysteries than thriving in one. They affect not voluminous inventions, wherein many years must constantly be spent to perfect them, except there be in them variety of pleasant employment.

"Imagination (the work of the fancy) hath produced real effects. Many serious and sad examples hereof may be produced. I will only insist on a merry one. A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which because of their multitude, he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted, fancy put mettle into their legs, and they came cheerfully home.

"Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed

much money, and had many creditors, as, he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter hook caught his cloak. 'At whose suit?' said he conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them."

The *historical* works of Fuller are simply a caricature of the species of composition to which they professedly belong; a systematic violation of all its proprieties. The gravity and dignity of the historic muse are habitually set at naught by him. Nay more; not only is he continually cracking his jokes, and perpetrating his puns; his matter is as full of treason against the laws of history as his manner. His very method—if we may be allowed such an abuse of language—consists in a contempt of all method. He has so constructed his works as to secure himself the indulgence of perpetual digression—of harboring and protecting every vagrant story that may ask shelter in his pages—of rambling hither and thither, as the fit takes him—and of introducing all sorts of things where, when, and how he pleases. To this end he has cut up his "Histories" into little paragraphs or sections, which often have as little connection with one another as with the general subject. Any curious fact, any odd anecdote, is warrant in his opinion for a digression, provided only it has any conceivable relation to the events he happens to be narrating. A mere chronological connection is always deemed enough to justify him in bringing the most diverse matters into juxtaposition; while the little spaces which divide his sections from one another, like those between the compartments in a cabinet of curiosities, are thought sufficient lines of demarcation between the oddest incongruities. His "Worthies of England" is in fact a rambling tour over the English Counties, taken in alphabetic order, in which, though his chief object is to give an account of the principal families resident in each, and of the illustrious men they have severally produced, he cannot refrain from thrusting in a world of gossip on their natural history and geography, on their productions, laws, customs and, proverbs. It may be said that this was an unfinished work; that we have not the fabric itself, but only the bricks and mortar of which it was to be

constructed. We reply that the general plan is sufficiently disclosed, and could not have been materially altered had the author lived to complete the work. But is his "Church History" a whit better in this respect? Never was there such a medley. First, each book and section is introduced by a quaint dedication to one or other of his many admirers or patrons. Nicholson in his "English Historical Library" is rather severe on his motives for such a multiplication of dedications. Secondly, of the several paragraphs into which the "Church History" is divided (most of them introduced by some quaint title), many are as little connected with church history as with the history of China. Thus, in one short "section" comprising the period from 1330 to 1361, we find "paragraphs" relating to "the ignorance of the English in curious clothing"—to "fuller's earth," which, he tells us, "was a precious commodity"—to the manufacture of "woollen cloth" and to the sumptuary laws which "restrained excess in apparel."

Here is a strange mixture in one short chapter! Church history as all the world knows, is compelled to treat of matters which have a very remote relation to the church of Christ; but who could have suspected that it could by possibility take cognizance of fuller's earth and woollens? Even Fuller himself seems a little astonished at his own hardihood; and lest any should at first sight fail to see the perfect congruity of such topics, he engages, with matchless effrontery, to show the connection between them. His reasons are so very absurd, and given so much in his own manner, that we cannot refrain from citing them. "But enough of this subject, which let none condemn for a deviation from church history. First, because it would not grieve me to go a little out of the way, if the way be good, as the digression is, for the credit and profit of our country. Secondly, it reductively belongeth to the church history, seeing many poor people, both young and old, formerly charging the parishes (as appeared by the account of the church officers), were hereby enabled to maintain themselves!"

It may well be supposed, after what has been said, that his "Histories" are not to be judged by the ordinary rules applied to that class of compositions. They possess

intrinsic value only as collections and repositories of materials for other and less eccentric writers. In this point of view he often modestly represents them; and in fact, as we conjecture, for the very purpose of securing the larger license of rambling. The praise of method and regularity (if indeed he formed any notion of these) he coveted little, compared with the free indulgence of his vagrant and gossiping humor. He loved, like Edie Ochiltree, "to daunder along the green lanes," to leave the dusty high-road of continuous history, and solace himself in every "bypath meadow" that invited his feet by its softness and verdure. Even as a collector of materials, his merits have been strongly called in question by Bishop Nicholson. "Through the whole of his 'Church History,'" says the critic, "he is so fond of his own wit, that he does not seem to have minded what he was about. The gravity of an historian (much more of an ecclesiastical one) requires a far greater care, both of the matter and style of his work, than is here to be met with. If a pretty story comes in his way that affords scope for clinch and droll, off it goes with all the gaiety of the stage, without staying to inquire whether it have any foundation in truth or not; and even the most serious and authentic parts of it are so interlaced with pun and quibble, that it looks as if the man had designed to ridicule the annals of our church into fable and romance. Yet if it were possible to refine it well, the work would be of good use, since there are in it some things of moment hardly to be had elsewhere, which may often illustrate dark passages in more serious writers. These are not to be despised where his authorities are cited, and appear credible. But in other matters, where he is singular, and without his vouchers, *μεμνησσοσπιστασεν*."

That Fuller has intermingled a great deal of gossip and rubbish with his facts, is indeed most true; but then, usually, he neither receives such matter for truth himself, nor delivers it for truth to others; so that the worst that can be said of him on that score is, that he is content to merge his historic character in that of a retailer of amusing oddities. But that he is careless in the admission or investigation of facts, we cannot admit without better proof than Nicholson has furnished; and we much fear

that the censure of the critic was excited rather by Fuller's candor, than by either his partiality or his negligence. If he had been a more thorough partisan, and on the side of his censor, we should have been spared some of the indignation of this "historian" of "historians." With indolence in his researches at all events, Fuller cannot be justly taxed. Frequently compelled, in his capacity of chaplain to the royal army, to change his quarters, often writing without the advantage of books and access to documents, it was impossible that he should not fall into serious errors; but he diligently availed himself of such resources as were within his reach. As already intimated, he would spend hours in patiently listening to the long-winded recitals of rustic ignorance, in hopes of gleaming some neglected tradition, or of rescuing some half-forgotten fact from oblivion. His works every where disclose the true antiquarian spirit, the genuine veneration for whatever bears the "charming rust," or exhales the musty odor of age; and it is plain, that if his opportunities had been equal either to his inclinations or his aptitudes, he would have been no mean proficient in the arts of spelling out and piecing the mouldering records of antiquity—of deciphering documents—of adjusting dates—of investigating the origin of old customs, and the etymology of old names—of interpreting proverbial sayings—of sifting the *residuum* of truth in obscure tradition, and of showing the manner in which facts have passed into fable. Like many men of the same stamp, however, he had not the faculty of discriminating the relative value of the facts thus elicited; but frequently exhibits the most insignificant with as much prominence as the most valuable: like them, too, he often mistakes probability for demonstration, and magnifies conjecture into certainty. In some respects he bore a sort of resemblance (though in others how different!) to Herodotus and Froissart. The charm of continuous narrative, indeed, for which they are so justly eminent, he possessed not; still less the happy art of a picturesque and graceful disposition of his materials. But in his diligent heed to traditional stories, in the personal pain and labor which he was willing to take in the accumulation of his materials, in the eagerness and the patience with which he prosecuted the

chase, in the large infusion of merely curious and amusing matter amongst the sober verities of history, by which his "Worthies" and his "Church History" are equally marked, there is some resemblance. The traditions, and "the reports," and the "sayings," of the common people, were as dear to him as was the *ὧς λεγουν*, to the father of history. Like the above writers, too, he usually lets us know for what he vouches, and what he gives on the report of others; and we believe that, as in their case, his principal statements will be found more nearly true the more they are investigated. But, after all, his professedly historical works are not to be read as *histories*; their strange want of method, the odd intermixture of incongruous and irrelevant matter they contain, and the eccentricities of all kinds with which they abound, will for ever prevent that. They are rather books of amusement; in which wisdom and whim, important facts and impertinent fables, solid reflections and quaint drolleries, refined wit and wretched puns, great beauties and great negligencies, are mingled in equal proportions. Perused as books of amusement, there are few in the English language which a man, with the slightest tincture of love for our early literature, can take up with a keener relish; while an enthusiast, whether by natural predisposition or acquired habit, will, like Charles Lamb, absolutely riot in their wild luxuriance.

Faulty as Fuller's Histories are, it will be seen that he yet possessed in great perfection many of the essential conditions of excellence in that department of composition. His spirit of research, his love of minute investigation, his fine imagination, his boundless vivacity, his freedom from prejudice, his liberality and candor, would seem to have ensured success; and that success would doubtless have been eminent, had he not given such license to his inordinate wit, so freely indulged his oddities of manner, and set all method at defiance. These defects have gone far to neutralize his other admirable qualifications for historical composition; and what was absurdly said of Shakspere, might with some propriety be said of him, "that a *pun* was the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it."

In a moral and religious point of view, the character of Fuller is entitled to our

veneration, and is altogether one of the most attractive and interesting which that age exhibits to us. His buoyant temper, and his perpetual mirthfulness, were wholly at variance with that austerity and rigor which characterized so many of the religionists of his time; but his life and conduct bore ample testimony that he possessed genuine and habitual piety. Amidst all his levity of manner, there was still the gravity of the heart—deep veneration for all things sacred; and while his wit clothed even his religious thoughts and feelings with irresistible pleasantry, his manner is as different from that of the scorner, as the innocent laugh of childhood from the malignant chuckle of a demon. In all the relations of domestic and social life, his conduct was most exemplary. In one point, especially, does he appear in honorable contrast with the bigots of all parties in that age of strife—he had learnt, partly from his natural benevolence, and partly from a higher principle, the lessons of “that charity which thinketh no evil,” and which so few of his contemporaries knew how to practise. His very moderation, however, as is usually the case, made him suspected by the zealots of both parties. Though a sincere friend of the Church of England, he looked with sorrow (which in his “Church History” he took no pains to disguise) on the severities practised towards the Puritans; and every where adopts the tone of apology for their supposed errors, and of compassion for their undoubted sufferings. His candor and impartiality in treating some of the most delicate portions of our ecclesiastical history—as, for example, the Hampton Court controversy, and the administration of Laud—are in admirable contrast with the resolute spirit of partisanship which has inspired so many of the writers of the Church of England. There were not wanting persons, however, who, as we have seen, insinuated that his candor in these and other instances was nothing but a peace-offering to the men in power at the time he published his “Church History.” But, not to urge that he has said too much on the other side to justify such a supposition, his whole manner is that of an honest man, striving to be impartial, even if not always successful. Had he been the unprincipled time-server this calumny would represent him, he would have suppressed a

little more. Coleridge says that he was “incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced, great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men.” If this statement be confined to “religious prejudices,” there are, it must be confessed, few of his age who can be compared with him. As to prejudices of other kinds, he seems to have shared in those of most of his contemporaries. It is hard, or rather impossible, to be wholly beyond one’s age. He believed in witches; he was a resolute stickler for the royal prerogative of curing the king’s evil, though whether his loyalty or philosophy had most to do with his convictions on that point, may well admit of doubt. It is true that he treats the idle legends and fabled miracles of Romish superstition with sovereign contempt; but then his Protestantism came to the aid of his reason, and, considering the superstitions he has himself retained, the former may be fairly supposed to have offered the more powerful logic of the two.

Though Fuller cannot be accused of sharing the bigotry and bitterness of his age, he is by no means perfectly free from a very opposite vice, with which that age was nearly as chargeable—we mean flattery. His multitudinous dedications to his numerous patrons, contained in the “Church History,” are, many of them, very striking, and even beautiful compositions, and full of ingenious turns of thought; but they certainly attribute as much of excellence to the objects of them as either history, or tradition, or charity can warrant us in ascribing. Something may, however, be pardoned to the spirit of the age, and something to the gratitude or necessities of the author. But that any author, even a hungry one, could be brought to write them, is a wonder; that any patron could, either with or without a blush, appropriate them, is a still greater one. It is in the conclusion to his character of the “Good King,” in his “Holy State,” that our author has fallen most unworthily into the complimentary extravagance of the times. He, of course, makes the reigning monarch the reality of the fair picture, and draws his character in language which truth might well interpret into the severest irony.

It would be improper to close this analysis of one of the most singular intellects that ever appeared in the world of letters, without saying a word or two of the prodigies

related of his powers of memory. That he had a very tenacious one may easily be credited, though some of its traditional feats almost pass belief. It is said that he could "repeat five hundred strange words after once hearing them, and could make use of a sermon *verbatim*, under the like circumstances." Still further, it is said that he undertook, in passing from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, to tell, at his return, every sign as it stood in order on both sides of the way (repeating them either backwards or forwards), and that he performed the task exactly. This is pretty well, considering that in that day every shop had its sign. The interpretation of such hyperboles, however, is very easy; they signify, at all events, thus much—that he had an extraordinary memory. That many of the reports respecting it were false or exaggerated, may be gathered from an amusing anecdote recorded by himself. "None alive," says he, "ever heard me pretend to the art of memory, who in my book (*Holy State*) have decried it as a trick, no art; and, indeed, is more of fancy than memory. I confess, some ten years since, when I came out of the pulpit of St. Dunstan's East, one (who since wrote a book thereof) told me in the vestry before credible people, that he, in Sydney College, had taught me *the art of memory*. I returned unto him, *That it was not so, for I could not remember that I had ever seen him before!* which, I conceive, was a real refutation."

One is prepared to meet with all sorts of oddities of manner about such a man; for it would be strange that a person so eccentric in all his writings, should not have been eccentric in his private habits; but really the following account of his method of composition passes belief. It is said that he was in "the habit of writing the first words of

every line near the margin down to the foot of the paper, and, that then beginning again, he filled up the vacuities exactly, without spaces, interlineations, or contractions;" and that he "would so connect the ends and beginnings that the sense would appear as complete as if it had been written in a continued series, after the ordinary manner." This, we presume, is designed to be a compliment to the ease with which he performed the process of mental composition, and the accuracy with which his memory could transfer what he had meditated to paper. But though he might occasionally perform such a feat for the amusement of his friends, it never could have been his ordinary practice.

As we quoted, at the commencement of this essay, the opinion entertained of our author by Coleridge, we shall conclude it by citing that of Charles Lamb, than whom there could not be a more competent judge. "The writings of Fuller," says he, "are usually designated by the title of quaint, and with sufficient reason; for such was his natural bias to conceits that I doubt not, upon most occasions, it would have been going out of his way to have expressed himself out of them. But his wit is not always *lumen siccum*, a dry faculty of surprising; on the contrary, his conceits are oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion. Above all, his way of telling a story, for its eager liveliness, and the perpetual running commentary of the narrator, happily blended with the narration, is perhaps unequalled."\*

\*Since the preceding essay was published, have appeared "Memorials of the Life and Works" of Fuller, by the Rev. Arthur T. Russell, B.C.L. In that volume, all that either history or tradition has left respecting our author has been laboriously and faithfully compiled; and thither the reader, curious about the biography of this eccentric genius, is referred for more minute information than could be given in the sketch at the commencement of this essay.

"HER PLEASURE IN HER POWER TO CHARM."—In Coventry Patmore's pure and delicately beautiful poem, "The Angel in the House," the above line twice occurs.

"An exquisite line," says *The Critic*, Dec. 1, 1854: "who could have believed that the ugly and often unjust word *vanity* could ever be melted down into so true and pretty and flattering a periphrasis?"

Mr. Thackeray makes use of the same idea:

"A fair young creature, bright and blooming yesterday, distributing smiles, levying homage, inspiring desire, *conscious of her power to charm*, and gay with the natural enjoyments of her conquests—who, in his walk through the world, has not looked on many such a one?"—*The Newcomes*, ii. 161.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Notes and Queries.

## IMPOSSIBLE PROBLEMS.

I HAVE waited to reply to Mr. Ingleby's questions until I could look again at one or two points, and also until I could put together a few remarks on the general subject, which is one of much curiosity, and continually recurring inquiry. I must, however, premise that the remarks are not addressed to, or *at*, Mr. Ingleby: not that I think he would suppose such a thing, but because people find out such curious meanings, that, without this warning, I should not be surprised if I heard that Mr. Ingleby had been squaring at the circle, and that I had been squaring at him for it.

When we find a long and enduring discussion about any points of speculation, we naturally ask whether there be not some verbal difficulty at the bottom. What is the *solution of a problem*? It is the showing how to arrive at a desired result, under prescribed conditions to the means which are to be used, and as to the form in which the result is to be presented. There are then three possibilities of impossibility. The desired result may be among non-existing things; the prescribed conditions may be insufficient; the form demanded may be necessarily unattainable. And any one of these things being really the case, it may be impossible to *demonstrate* that it is the case. Human nature, which always assumes that it can know whatever can be *known*, must bear to be told that this assumption may be one of its little mistakes, or may be a true exposition of its own powers, and may be a matter on which no certainty can be arrived at.

In prescribing conditions of solution, and form of result, we dictate to existence: we determine that our mental nature shall be so constructed that we shall know beforehand what means are wanted, and what form the result shall appear in, the matter being one on which the very necessity of proposing the problem shows our ignorance. And when we fail, we quarrel with the universe. As Porson did, when he proposed to himself the problem of taking up the candlestick, his condition being that in which two images of objects appear, one the consequences of the laws of light, the other what a psychologist would perhaps call purely subjective. He accordingly handled the wrong image, which of course did not prevent his fingers from

meeting. Incensed at this, he exclaimed, "D—— the nature of things." He had better have attended to preliminaries under which so simple a problem might have been solved without a quadratic equation.

Undoubtedly the dictation of conditions and of form has been attended with the most advantageous results. Abundance of possibilities have been turned up in digging for impossibles. Alchemy invented chemistry; astrology greatly improved astronomy; the effort to find a certainty of winning in gambling nurtured the science under which insurance is safe and intelligible, and the inscrutable inquiry into *ens quatenus ens*, so properly placed *meta ta phusika*, has added much to our powers of investigating *homo quatenus homo*.

There was a separate dictation of conditions in arithmetic and in geometry. In arithmetic, the simple definite number or fraction, the earliest object of our attention, was declared to be the universal mode of expression. It was prescribed to the circle that it should be, in circumference, a definitely expressible derivation from the diameter: it was demanded of the nature of things that by cutting the circumference into a certain number of equal parts, a certain number of those parts should give the diameter; and *vice versâ*.

In geometry, Euclid laid down, as his prescribed instruments, the straight line and circle. Of all the infinite number of lines which exist, he would use none except the straight line and circle. It was demanded of the nature of things that it should be possible to construct a square equal to a given circle, without the use of any curve except the circle.

The second demand was not quite so impudent as the first. It was soon discovered and proved that there is no square root to 2, as a definite fraction of a unit. That is, there is nothing but an interminable series of decimals, 1.4142135 . . . . .; by help of which we discover the square root of fractions within any degree of nearness to 2 we please. And yet, with such a result as this known to all, it was thought the most reasonable thing in the world to demand that the ratio of the circumference to the diameter should be that of number to number.

I will now speak of the problems set forth in the question.

1. *The three bodies.* This is the problem of determining the motion of a planet attracted, not only by the sun, but by another planet. In the early days of the integral calculus, it was demanded of the nature of things that all deferential equations should be soluble in what are called *finite terms*, that is by a definite number of algebraical, &c. terms consisting of our usual modes of expression. Mathematicians had not then opened their eyes to the fact that there exists an unlimited number of modes of expression of which those we employ cannot give an idea, except by interminable series. Accordingly, they considered the problem of three bodies unsolved so long as it was necessary to have recourse to these interminable series. But is this problem *unsolved*, in any other sense than this, that the nature of things has not listened to human dictation on matters which humanity knew nothing about? Do we not find the moon's place within a fraction of a second of time, by the existing solution? And did not Adams and Leverrier even solve the inverse problem, Given the effect produced upon a known planet by an unknown planet, to discover the place of the unknown planet? There are hundreds of problems, in pure and mixed mathematics both, which are treated only by interminable series, and which no one ever complained of as not being solved. The difference is this: we speak of these problems in the language of the newer day; we speak of the problem of the three bodies after the tradition of an older day.

It is not practicable, that is, it has not been found practicable, to *prove* the impossibility of solving the problem of three bodies without interminable series. But a long chain of cogent analogies convinces every one who has gone through them, with full moral evidence, that the finite terms, must be *terms* of a kind of which we have at present no conception.

2. *The Perpetual motion.* This is a problem of a very different kind. The purse of Fortunatus, which could always drop a penny out, though never a penny was put in, is a problem of the same kind. He who can construct this purse may construct a perpetual motion; in this way. Let him hang the purse upside down, and with the stream of pence which will flow out let him buy a strong-steam-engine, and pay for keeping it

at work day and night. Have a new steam-engine ready to be set in motion by the old one at its last gasp, and so on to all eternity. A perpetual motion demands of the nature of things a machine which shall always communicate momentum in the doing of some work, without ever being fed with any means collecting momentum. It could be compassed, in a certain way,—that is, by retaining the work done to do more work, which again should do more, and so on,—if friction and other resistences could be abolished, and nothing thrown away. In this way the fall of a ton of water from a reservoir might be employed in pumping up as much water into another reservoir, which, when landed, if it be lawful to say so of water, might, by its subsequent fall, pump up an equal quantity into the original reservoir, and so on, backwards and forwards, in *secula seculorum*. But not a drop must be wasted, whether by adhesion to the reservoir, by evaporation, by splashing, or in any way whatever. Every drop that falls down must be made to raise another drop to the same height. So long as the sockets have friction, or the air resists, this is impossible. In fact, matter, with respect to momentum, has the known qualities of a basket with respect to eggs, butter, garden-stuff, &c. No more can come out than was put in; and every quantity taken out requires as much more to be put in before the original state is restored. So soon as the law of matter is as clearly known as the law of the basket, there is an end of looking for the perpetual motion.

That people do try after a perpetual motion to this day is certain. A good many years ago a perpetual motion company was in contemplation; and the promoters did me the unsolicited honor of putting my name on the list of directors. Fortunately the intention came round to me before the list was circulated: and a word to the editor of a periodical produced an article which, I believe, destroyed the concern. The plan was to put a drum or broad wheel with one verticle half in mercury and the other in vacuum. This instrument, the most unlucky drum since Parolles, feeling the balance of its two halves very unsatisfactory, was to go round and round in search of an easy position, for ever and ever, working away all the time,—I mean all the eternity—at lace-making, or water-pumping, or any other useful

employment. People were told that if they would sell their steam-engines for old iron, they might buy new machines with the money, which would work as long as they held together without costing a farthing for fuel. Certainly, had the scheme been proposed to me, I should have declined to join until I had derived assurance from seeing the donkey who originated it turned into a head-over-heels perpetual motion by tying a heavy weight to his tail and an exhausted receiver to his nose.

3. *Quadrature of the circle.* The arithmetical quadrature involves the determination of the circumference by a definite arithmetical multiplier, which shall be perfectly accurate. Lambert proved that the multiplier must be an interminable decimal fraction; and the proof may be found in Legendre's geometry, and in Brewster's translation of that work. The arithmeticians have given plenty of approximate multipliers. The last one, and the most accurate of all, was published a few years ago by Mr. W. Shanks, of Houghton-le-Spring, a calculator to whom multiplication is no vexation, &c. He published the requisite multiplier (which mathematicians denote by  $\pi$ ) to six hundred and seven decimal places, of which 441 were verified by Dr. Rutherford. To give an idea of the power of this multiplier, we must try to master such a supposition as the following.

There are living things on our globe so small that, if due proportion were observed, the corpuscles of their blood would be no more than a millionth of an inch in diameter. Suppose another globe like ours, but so much larger that our great globe itself is but fit to be a corpuscle in the blood of one of its animalcules: and call this the *first* globe above us. Let there be another globe so large that this first globe above us is but a corpuscle in the animalcule of that globe; and call this the *second* globe above us. Go on in this way till we come to the twentieth globe above us. Next, let the minute corpuscle on our globe be another globe like ours, with everything in proportion; and call this the *first* globe below us. Take a blood-corpuscle from the animalcule of that globe, and make it the *second* globe below us: and so on down to the twentieth globe below us. Then if the inhabitants of the twentieth globe above us were to calculate the circumference of their globe from its diameter by the 607

decimals, their error of length could not be made visible to the inhabitants of the twentieth globe below us, unless their microscopes were relatively very much more powerful than ours.

By the *geometrical* quadrature is meant the determination of a square equal to the circle, using only Euclid's allowance of means; that is, using only the straight line and circle as in Euclid's first three postulates. On this matter James Gregory, in 1668, published an asserted demonstration of the impossibility of the geometrical quadrature. The matter is so difficult, and proofs of a negative so slippery, that mathematicians are rather shy of pronouncing positive opinions. Montucla, in the first edition of the work presently mentioned only ventured to say that it was *very like* demonstration. In the second edition, after further reflection, he gave his opinion that the point was demonstrated. I read James Gregory's tract many years ago, and left off with an impression that probably more attentive consideration would compel me to agree with its author. But he would be a bold man who would be very positive on the point: even though there are trains of reasoning, different from Gregory's which render it in the highest degree improbable, which are in fact all but demonstration themselves, that the geometrical quadrature is impossible.

To say that a given problem cannot be solved, because two thousand years of trial have not succeeded, is unsafe: far more powerful means may be invented. But when the question is to solve a problem *with certain given means and no others*, it is not so unsafe to affirm that the problem is insoluble. By hypothesis, we are to use no means except those which have been used for two thousand years; it becomes exceedingly probable that all which those means can do has been done, in a question which has been tried by hundreds of men of genius, patience and proved success in other things.

4. *Trisection of the Angle.*—The question is to cut any given angle into three equal parts, with no more assistance than is conceded in Euclid's first three postulates. It is well known that this problem depends upon representing geometrically the three roots of a cubic equation which has all its roots real: whoever can do either can do the other. Now the geometrical solution, as the

word geometrical is understood, of a cubic equation, has never been attained; and all the *à priori* considerations which have so much force with those who are used to them are in favor of the solution being impossible. A person used to algebraic geometry cannot conceive how, by intersections of circles and straight lines, a problem should be solved which has three answers, and three only.

To sum up the whole. The problem of the three bodies has such solution as hundreds of other problems have: approximate in character, but wanting only pains and patience to carry the approximation to any desired extent. The problem of the perpetual motion is a physical absurdity. The arithmetical quadrature of the circle has been proved impossible in finite terms, but 607 decimal places of the interminable series have been found, and 441 of them verified. Of the geometrical quadrature an asserted proof of impossibility exists, which no one who has read it ventures to gainsay, but in favor of which no one speaks very positively. The trisection of the angle has no alleged proof of its impossibility. But were this the proper place, an account might be given of those considerations which lead all who have thought much on the subject to feel sure that the difficulty arises from the restrictions placed upon the means of solution amounting to a little too much dictation to the nature of things. For it must be remembered that the problem is not to square the circle, nor to trisect the angle, but to square the circle or trisect the angle without recourse to any means except those afforded by Euclid's first three postulates. This limitation is frequently omitted; and persons are led to conclude that mathematicians have never shown how to square a circle, or to trisect an angle than which nothing can be more untrue. I may take occasion to raise a Query in some future communication, whether these difficulties would ever have existed if Euclid's ideas of solid geometry had been as well arranged as his ideas of plane geometry.

The reader may find details on this subject in the articles *QUADRATURE* and *TRISECTION* in the *Penny Cyclopædia*. But further information will be found in Montucla's *Histoire des Recherches sur la Quadrature du Cercle*, Paris, 1831, 8vo. (second edition). This work contains, besides the vagaries of the insufficiently informed, an account of the attempts of older days, which ended in useful discovery. In later times the whole subject has lapsed into burlesque; the few who have made rational attempts being lost in the crowd who have made absurd misconceptions of the problem. To square the circle has become a byword, though many do not know the problem under a change of terms, say the rectification of the circumference. For example, when Mr. Goulburn was a candidate for the University of Cambridge in 1831, some wags of the opposite faction sent the following to a morning paper, which actually inserted it (May 4) in triumphant answer to the objection against their candidate's want of Cambridge knowledge:—

“We understand that although, owing to circumstances with which the public are not concerned, Mr. Goulburn declined becoming a candidate for University honors, his scientific attainments are far from inconsiderable. He is well known to be the author of an Essay in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the accurate rectification of a circular arc, and an investigation of the equation to the Lunar Caustic—a problem likely to become of great use in nautical astronomy.”

I need hardly say that mathematicians know no lunar caustic, except what the chemists call nitrate of silver. And so much for the impossible problems, which have caught so many ingenious minds, and almost always held them tight. For this reason, I should advise any one not to try them;

“Video quod vestigia  
Intrantium multa, at nulla exeuntium.”

A. DE MORGAN.

COFFEE-HOUSES, EARLY MENTION OF.—Burton says, *Anat. Mel.*, part i. sect. 2., m. 2. s. 2.:

“’Tis the *summum bonum* of our tradesmen their felicity, life, and soul, their chief comfort to be merry together in an alehouse or tavern, as our modern Muscovites do in their medenins, and Turks in their coffee-houses, which much resemble our taverns.”

This is a very early mention of coffee-houses; long before they were introduced into this country. As my copy of Burton is only a modern reprint, I am not sure whether the original spelling of the word *coffee* is not modernized here. Some thirty years after this time it was advertised for sale as *kauphi*.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Household Words.

AGNES LEE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MRS. WARREN was a charming woman—as like the popular notion of a perfect angel as any body could hope to find, if they took the longest summer day for the search. She was an Irishwoman, the widow of an English gentleman of large fortune, who had left her endowed with an ample jointure and a handsome manor-house in Staffordshire. She was young, bright, fascinating, and thoroughly good-natured; she enjoyed nothing so much as making people happy, and would sacrifice her own pleasure or convenience even, for an entire stranger, provided the necessities of the case had been brought before her with sufficient eloquence or emphasis. She did every thing in the easiest and most graceful manner, and had the virtue of forgetting all about it herself, as soon as the occasion had passed away. She was devoted to her friends, and loved them dearly, so long as they were there to assist themselves; but, if they went away, she never thought of them till the next time she saw them, when she was again as fond of them as ever. With all her generosity, however, her tradespeople complained that she did not pay her bills; that she did very shabby things, and that she drove dreadfully hard bargains. A poor woman whom she had employed to do some plain work, declared contemptuously that she would sooner work for Jews than for charitable ladies: they screwed down so in the price, and kept folks waiting so long for their money.

It was not difficult for Mrs. Warren to be an angel: she had no domestic discipline to test her virtues too severely, nor to ruffle the bird of paradise beauty of her wings. Husbands are daily stumbling-blocks in the path of female perfection; they have the faculty of taking the shine out of the most dazzling appearances. It is easier to be an angel than to be an average good woman under domestic difficulties.

Mrs. Huxley was the wife of the hard-working clergyman in whose parish Mrs. Warren's manor-house was situated. She had a cross husband, who did not adore her, but who (chiefly from the force of habit) found fault with every thing she did; nothing but the purest gold could have stood the constant outpouring of so much sulphuric

acid. Yet Mrs. Huxley went on in the even tenor of her way, struggling with straitened means, delicate health, recurring washing-days, and her husband's temper. Her economical feebleness, and the difficulties of keeping her weekly bills in a state of liquidation, were greatly complicated in consequence of all the poor people in the parish coming to her as to a sort of earthly Providence, to supply all they lacked in the shape of food, physic, raiment, and good advice. Strangers said that Mrs. Huxley looked fretful, and that it was a pity a clergyman's wife should have such unattractive manners; that it must be a trial to such a pleasant, genial man as her husband to have a partner so unlike himself, and all that. The recording angel might have given a different verdict: the poor of her parish knew her value.

The family at the Rectory consisted of one daughter, named Miriam, and an orphan niece of Mr. Huxley's whom they had adopted. Mr. Huxley had made many difficulties when this plan was first proposed. He objected to the expense, and wished the girl to be sent as an articulated pupil to some cheap school, where she might qualify herself to become a nursery governess, or to wait on young ladies. This he said on the plea that, as they would not be able to give her any fortune, it would be cruel to give her a taste for comforts she could not hereafter expect; that it was best to accustom her betimes to the hardships of her lot. Mrs. Huxley did not often contradict her husband; but, on this occasion, she exerted her powers of speech; she was a mother, and acted as she would have wished another to act by her own Miriam. Mr. Huxley graciously allowed himself to be persuaded, and Agnes Lee, the child of his favorite sister, was adopted into the Rectory nursery on a perfect equality with her cousin. It somehow got to be reported abroad, that Mrs. Huxley had greatly opposed her husband's generosity, and had wished the little orphan to be sent to the workhouse.

The two children grew up together, and were as fond of each other as sisters usually are; but Agnes Lee had the strongest will and the most energy. So it was she who settled the plays and polity of doll-land, and who took the lead in all matters of "books, and work, and needle-play." Agnes was twelve, and Miriam fourteen, when the fasci-

nating Mrs. Warren came to live at the Great House.

She took up the Rectory people most warmly, and threw herself with enthusiasm into all manner of benevolent schemes for the benefit of the parish. To the two girls she seemed like a good fairy. She had them constantly to her beautiful house, she gave them lessons in singing, and taught them to dance; her French maid manufactured their bonnets and dresses; she lavished gifts upon them, she made pets of them, and was never weary of inventing schemes for giving them pleasure. It was delightful to see their enjoyment and to receive their gratitude, and she never suspected the delicate unobtrusive care with which poor cold, stiff, Mrs. Huxley contrived that the two girls should never fall too heavily upon the hands of their beautiful patroness. She also tried to inspire them with a portion of her own reserve; but that was not so easy. Miriam—a mild, shy, undemonstrative girl—felt an admiration of Mrs. Warren that approached to idolatry. It took the place of a first love. Mrs. Warren liked the excitement of being loved with enthusiasm; but she never calculated the responsibility it brought along with it, and omitted nothing that could stimulate Miriam's passionate attachment. Agnes was less impressionable. She had a precocious amount of common sense, and Mrs. Warren's fascinations did not take too much hold upon her. The Rector was almost as much bewitched as his daughter by the fair widow. She talked gaily to him, and obliged him to rub up his ancient gallantry, which had fallen into rusty disuse. She dressed all the children of his school in green gowns and red ribbons. She subscribed a painted window to the church. She talked over two refractory churchwardens, who had been the torment of his life: above all, she admired his sermons; and, as she was in correspondence with a lord bishop, he had sanguine hopes that her admiration might lead to something better. Mrs. Huxley was the only person who refused to be charmed. She did not contradict the raptures expressed by her husband and daughter, but she heard them in silence.

When Miriam was sixteen, she fell into delicate health; a slight accident developed a spinal affection. A London physician, who with his wife was on a short visit to Mrs.

Warren, saw Miriam at her request and gave little hope that she would ever be anything but a life-long invalid. She was ordered to keep as much as possible in a recumbent position. Mrs. Warren was on the point of departing for London. Nothing could exceed her sympathy and generosity. At first she declared she would postpone her journey, to assist Mrs. Huxley to nurse her sweet Miriam; but she easily gave up that idea when Mrs. Huxley declared, rather dryly, "that there was not the least occasion; for, as the case was likely to be tedious, it was better to begin as they could go on." Mrs. Warren, however, loaded Miriam with presents. She made Miriam promise to write to her all she read and thought; and for this purpose, she gave her a supply of fairy-like paper and a gold pen. Miriam, on her side, promised to write twice a-week at least, and to tell Mrs. Warren everything that could amuse her. Mrs. Warren gave orders to her gardener to supply the Rectory with fruit, flowers, and vegetables; but either Mrs. Warren's directions were not clear, or the gardener did not choose to act upon them. He charged for everything that he sent down and gave as his reason that his mistress paid him no wages in her absence, but let him pick up what he could.

After Mrs. Warren's departure, she wrote for a month; after that, her letters ceased. Newspapers supplied their place; and, it appeared from the notices of fashionable life, that Mrs. Warren had taken her place amongst the gayest. At last the newspapers ceased; the last that came contained the announcement that Mrs. Warren had left town for Paris. After this, no more news reached the Rectory. The Manor House remained shut up, and the lodge-keeper said "that the Missis was spending the winter at Bath."

At first Miriam wrote in all the enthusiasm and good faith of youthful adoration. Mrs. Warren had begged she would not count with her letter for letter, but have trust in her unalterable attachment, &c., &c.; and Miriam went on writing, long after all answers had ceased. Everything earthly has its limit; and when reciprocity is all on one side, the term is reached rather earlier than it might otherwise have been. Poor Miriam lay on her couch, and went through all the heart-sickening process of disenchantment

about the friendship which she had made the light of her life. She rejoiced moodily in her physical sufferings, and hoped that she should soon die, as she could not endure such misery long. The young believe in the eternity of all they feel.

She was roused from this sorrow of sentiment by a real affliction. Scarlet fever broke out in the parish. Mr. Huxley caught it, and died, after a fortnight's illness. A life insurance for a thousand pounds, and a few hundreds painfully saved and laid by in the Bank of England, was all the provision that remained to his family.

A fortnight after the funeral, Mrs. Huxley and Agnes were sitting sadly before the fire, which had burned low, on a dull, chill November evening. Miriam lay on her couch, and could scarcely be discerned in the deepening shadow. The dusk was gathering thick, the curtains were not drawn; both without and within, the world looked equally desolate to these three women. The silence was broken only by the sighs of poor Mrs. Huxley; the dull firelight showed her widow's cap, and the glaze of tears upon her pale clay-like cheeks. At length Agnes roused herself. She had taken the lead in the house since the family troubles, and now moved briskly about the room, endeavoring to impart something like comfort. She replenished the fire, trimmed the lamp; and made the old servant bring in tea.

Agnes threw in an extra spoonful of green spread a tempting slice of toast, and placed a small table between Mrs. Huxley and Miriam, who both began insensibly to be influenced by the change she had produced. When tea was over they became almost cheerful. After tea, Mrs. Huxley took out her knitting, and Agnes brought out her work-basket.

"Now listen, dear aunt; for I have schemed a scheme, which only needs your approval."

"That will go a very little way towards doing good," sighed Mrs. Huxley.

"Oh, it will go further than you think!" said Agnes, cheerfully. "I was up at the Green this morning, and I heard that Sam Blacksmith is going to leave his cottage for another that is nearer to his smithy. It struck me that the one he is leaving would just suit you, and Miriam, and old Mary. There is a garden; and the cottage in your

hands will be charming. This furniture will look to more advantage there than it does here: and when I have seen you comfortably settled, I shall leave you, to seek my fortune."

"My dear, you are so rash, and you talk so fast, I don't hear one word you say," said Mrs. Huxley, querulously.

"I was talking aunt, about a cottage I had seen this morning," said Agnes, gently. "I thought it would just suit us."

"I am sure I should not like it. It will have stone floors, which will not do for Miriam. You talk so wildly of going to seek your fortune. I am sure I don't know what is to become of us. You are so sanguine: no good ever comes of it. You were all so set up with Mrs. Warren, and you see what came of it."

"Well, aunt, my belief is, that Mrs. Warren would be as good as ever, if she only saw us; but she cannot recollect people out of sight."

"She loves flattery, and she likes fresh people," said Miriam, bitterly.

Agnes went to the piano, and began to play some old hymn tunes very softly.

"Agnes, my dear, I cannot bear music. Do come back and sit still," said her aunt.

The next morning Agnes persuaded her aunt to go with her to the Green, to look at the cottage; and, after some objections, Mrs. Huxley agreed that it might be made to do.

Whilst making arrangements for the removal, Agnes thought seriously how she was to obtain a situation of some kind, and anxiously examined what she was qualified to undertake. She knew that she had only herself to depend upon. A few days afterwards the postman brought a letter with a foreign postmark. It was Mrs. Warren's handwriting. Agnes bounded with it into the parlor, exclaiming, "See! who was right about Mrs. Warren? It is for you."

Miriam turned aside her head. Mrs. Huxley put on her spectacles; and, after turning the letter over half-a-dozen times, opened it. A bank-note for twenty pounds fell out. The letter was written in the kindest tone. She had just seen the mention of Mr. Huxley's death, and wrote on the spur of the moment. She was full of self-reproach for her neglect; begged them to believe she loved them as much as ever; spoke of Miriam with great kindness, but without any spe-

ciality; begged to be informed of their plans for the future; and, in a hasty postscript, said, that the enclosure was towards erecting a tablet to the memory of her dear friend, or for any other purpose they preferred.

Nothing could be kinder or more delicate; but Miriam was nearly choked with bitter feelings. The letter showed her how completely she had faded away from Mrs. Warren's affection. She vehemently urged her mother and cousin to send back the money.

Agnes undertook to answer the letter; which she did with great judgment. Even Miriam was satisfied. She mentioned her own desire to find a situation as preparatory governess, and asked Mrs. Warren if she had it in her power to recommend her.

As soon as could reasonably be expected, the answer came, addressed to Mrs. Huxley, begging that Agnes might at once join the writer in Paris, where, she had not the least doubt, she would be able to place her advantageously. Minute directions were given for the journey. On arriving in Paris, Agnes was to proceed at once to the Hotel Raymond, where Mrs. Warren was staying.

"How kind! how very kind!" exclaimed Agnes. "You see her heart is in the right place after all!"

"It is certainly very kind; but I do not like you to take so long a journey alone, you are too young. I cannot feel it either right or prudent," said Mrs. Huxley.

"My dear Agnes," said Miriam, "you shall not be trusted to the mercy of that woman. She cares for nothing but excitement. She has no notion of obligation, and will be as likely as not to have left Paris by the time you arrive, if the fancy has taken her for visiting Egypt or Mexico. I know what she is, and you shall not go."

"My dear aunt, as I am to make my own way in the world, the sooner I begin the better. I am to take charge of others, and I must learn to take care of myself. My dear Miriam, you are unjust. I place very little dependence on the stability of Mrs. Warren's emotions; but she always likes people when they are with her. It is an opening I am not likely to have again, and the sooner I avail myself of it the better."

"Agnes, be warned, I entreat you. No good will ever come out of that woman's

random benefits. They are no better than snares. Have nothing to do with her."

Agnes would not be warned. She wished to go out into the world, to make her own way. She had no fears for herself. She argued and persuaded, and at last her aunt consented. Miriam was over-ruled, and a grateful acceptance was written to Mrs. Warren, fixing that day three weeks for her departure.

"The die is cast now!" said Agnes, when she returned from carrying her letter to the post. "I wonder what my future lot will be!"

#### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The diligence rolled heavily into the Court of the Messageries Royal in Paris, towards the middle of a keen, bright day in the last week of December. A fair, elegant English girl, in deep mourning, looked anxiously out of the window of the coupé, in search of some one to claim her.

"Is there any one waiting for you, Ma'mselle?" asked the good-natured conductor. "Will it please you to alight?"

"I see no one," said Agnes, who was bewildered with the noise and bustle. "I must have a coach to go to this address, please."

"Mrs. Warren, Hotel Raymond," read the conductor, looking at her keenly. "You want to go there, do you? Well, I will see. Your friends ought not to have left you to arrive alone. But the English are so droll!"

In a few minutes he returned.

"Now, Ma'mselle, here is a coach. The driver is my friend; he will see you safe. You may trust him. I would go with you myself, but—"

"You have been very kind to me," said Agnes, gratefully. Her command of French was very limited, and she said this in English; but the look that accompanied it spoke the language which needs no interpreter.

"Pardon. No thanks; it is my duty. Ma'mselle is too generous! There is no occasion." And the gallant conductor put back the five-franc piece that Agnes tendered with some embarrassment; for, during the journey he had shown her kindness that she felt could not be repaid in money. She took from her purse a half-crown piece English money. This the conductor put into his left waistcoat-

pocket, as he said "for a remembrance of Ma'mselle."

The hackney-coach soon arrived at Raymond's. A grand-looking servant came to the door of the coach, and inquired her pleasure, with an elaborate politeness that would have been overwhelming at any other time; but Agnes scarcely noticed him. She eagerly handed him Mrs. Warren's card; but what little French she could command had entirely departed, and she could not utter a word. The garçon took the card, looked at it with a slight gesture of surprise, and returned to the house. In the meantime the coachman dismounted, took down the modest luggage, and demanded his fare. Agnes alighted, gave the man what he asked, and he had just driven away, when the garçon returned, accompanied by another.

"Ma'mselle is under a meestake," said the new comer who evidently believed that he spoke English like a native. "Madame Warren is no more here—she departed two days since for Marseilles."

Agnes looked stupidly at him. She had heard what he said perfectly, and she was quite calm; but it was the calmness that makes the heart stand still, and turns the life within to stone.

"She told me to come here. She knew I was to come." Agnes spoke with stiffened lips and a voice that did not seem her own.

"She may have left some message—some letter for Ma'mselle," suggested the first garçon. "I will inquire."

Agnes sat down upon her trunk. She felt convinced that Mrs. Warren had gone and left no directions about her. She had just five francs and a half a guinea left of money. Her position presented itself to her with perfect lucidity; but she felt no alarm, only a horrible stillness and paralysis of all emotion.

The garçon returned: he had a letter in his hand. Madame Warren had departed for Marseilles, en route for Sicily. She had left no message or direction. The letter had arrived a few hours after her departure, but they did not know where to forward it.

Agnes looked at the letter. It was her own, stating the time she would arrive in Paris, and requesting to be met. She gave it back to the garçon without speaking, and rested her head dreamily and wearily upon her hand.

The sight of a young, and extremely pretty English girl in deep mourning and sitting upon her trunk, had by this time attracted a group of curious spectators. The fate of Agnes Lee was trembling in the balance. Already, a man, no longer young, who had lost his front teeth, and who looked as if he had no bones in his body, and a woman with a hard, insolent, determined face, varnished with cajolery, approached her. The woman addressed her in passably good English, but Agnes seemed not to hear. At this crisis a grave, middle-aged man made his way from the street. He looked round with surprise at the persons crowding in the court, and his eye fell on Agnes. He went up to her. The man and woman both shrank back from his glance.

"What is the meaning of all this, my child? How came you here, and what do you want?"

He spoke with a certain benevolent austerity. His tone roused Agnes; she looked up and passed her hand in a bewildered way over her forehead; but she could not recollect or explain her story. Mechanically she gave him Mrs. Warren's letter directing her to the Hotel Raymond, and looked acutely at him as his eye glanced over it.

"My poor child, you cannot remain here. They ought not to have left you here for a moment. You must come in and speak to my wife. We will see what can be done."

The loiterers dispersed—the new-comer was the proprietor of the hotel. Desiring a porter to take up her trunk, he led her into a private office, where a pleasant-looking woman of about forty sat at a desk surrounded by account-books and ledgers. She looked up from her writing as they entered. He spoke to her in a low voice, and gave her the letter to read.

"Mais c'est une infamie!" said she, vehemently, when she had read it. "You have done well to bring her in—it was worthy of you, my friend. Heavens! she is stupified with cold and fear!"

Agnes stood still, apparently unconscious of what was passing; she heard, but she could give no sign. At length sight and sound became confused, and she fell.

When she recovered, she was lying in bed, and a pleasant-looking nurse was sitting beside her, dressed in a tall white Normandy cap and striped jacket. She nodded and

smiled, and shewed her white teeth, when Agnes opened her eyes, shook her head, and jabbered something that Agnes could not comprehend. The girl felt too weak and too dreamy to attempt to unravel the mystery of where she was and how she came there. In a short time, the lady she had seen sitting in the office among the day-books and ledgers came in. She laid her hand gently on her forehead, saying, in a cheerful voice, "You are better now. You are with friends. You shall tell us your story when you are stronger. You must not agitate yourself."

Agnes endeavored to rise, but sank back; the long journey and the severe shock she had received had made her seriously ill. The doctor who had been called to revive her from her long trance-like swoon ordered the profoundest quiet, and, thanks to the Samaritan kindness of her new friends, Agnes was enabled to follow the doctor's directions: for two days she lay in a delightful state of repose, between waking and dreaming. Everything she needed was brought to her, as by some friendly magic, at precisely the right moment. On the third day she felt almost well, and expressed a wish to get up and dress. Her hostess took her down to a pleasant parlor beyond the office. There were books, and prints, and newspapers; she was desired to amuse herself, and not to trouble her head with any anxiety about the future: she was a visitor.

M. Raymond, the proprietor, came in. Agnes had not seen him since the day he brought her into his house. He was a grave sensible man. To him she told her whole story, and gave him Mrs. Warren's letters to read. "My good young lady," said he, as he returned them, "we have only a little strength, and should not waste it in superfluities; we need it all to do our simple duty. This lady was too fond of the luxury of doing good, as it is called; but I cannot understand her thoughtlessness. There must be some mistake; though, after incurring the responsibility of sending for you, no mistake ought to have been possible."

Agnes tried to express all the gratitude she felt; but M. Raymond interrupted her. She was far from realizing all the danger she had escaped; she knew it in after years. "I shall write home," she said; "my aunt and cousin will be anxious until they hear."

"Let them be uneasy a little longer, till

you can tell them something definite about your prospects. Anything you could say now would only alarm them."

Two days afterwards M. Raymond came to her and said, "Do not think we want to get rid of you; but, if it suits you, I have heard of a situation. Madame Tremordyn wants a companion—a young lady who will be to her as like a daughter as can be got for money. She is a good woman, but proud and peculiar; and, so long as her son does not fall in love with you, she will treat you well. The son is with his regiment in Algiers just now; so you are safe. I will take you to her this afternoon."

They went accordingly. Madame Tremordyn—an old Breton lady, stately with gray hair and flashing dark gray eyes, dressed in stiff black silk—received her with stately urbanity, explained the duties of her situation, and expressed her wish that Agnes should engage with her. The salary was liberal, and Agnes thankfully accepted the offer. It was settled that she should come the next morning. "Recollect your home is with us," said M. Raymond. "Come back to us if you are unhappy."

That night Agnes wrote to her aunt the history of all that had befallen her, and the friends who had been raised up to her, and the home that had offered in a land of strangers. But, with all this cause for thankfulness, Agnes cried herself to sleep that night. She realized for the first time that she was alone in her life, and belonged to nobody.

#### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

ALL who have had to live under the dynasty of a peculiar temper, know that it can neither be defined nor calculated upon. It is the knot in the wood that prevents the material from ever being turned to any good account. Madame Tremordyn always declared that she was the least exacting person in existence; and, so long as Agnes was always in the room with her, always on the alert watching her eye for any thing she might need—so long Madame was quite satisfied. Madame Tremordyn had a passion for every thing English. She would be read aloud to at all hours of the day or night. Agnes slept upon a bed in her room, whence she might be roused, if Madame Tremordyn herself could not rest; and woe to Agnes if her attention flagged, and if she did not

seem to feel interest and enjoyment in whatever the book in hand might be—whether it were the History of Miss Betty Thoughtless, or the Economy of Human Life. Madame Tremordyn took the life of Agnes, and crumbled it away: she used it up like a choice condiment, to give a flavor to her own.

Yet, with all this exigence, Agnes was nothing to Madame Tremordyn, who considered her much as she did the gown she wore, or the dinner she ate. She was one of the many comforts with which she had surrounded herself; she gave Agnes no more regard or confidence, notwithstanding their close intercourse, than she granted to her arm-chair, or to the little dog that stood on its hind legs. Yet, Agnes had no material hardship to complain of; she only felt as if the breath were being drawn out of her, and she were slowly suffocating. But where else could she go? what could she do? At length, Madame Tremordyn felt really ill, and required constant nursing and tending. Agnes had sleepless nights, as well as watchful days, but it was a more defined state of existence. Agnes was a capital nurse; the old lady was human after all, and was touched by skill and kindness. She declared that Agnes seemed to nurse her as if she liked it.

Henceforth Agnes had not to live in a state of moral starvation. The old lady treated her like a human being, and really felt an interest in her. She asked her questions about home, and about her aunt and cousin; also, she told Agnes about herself, about her son, and about her late husband. She spoke of her own affairs and of her own experiences. It was egotism certainly; but egotism that asks for sympathy is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Agnes grew less unhappy as she felt she became more necessary to the strange exacting old woman with whom her lot was cast. She had the pleasure of sending remittances to her aunt and cousin—proofs of her material well-being; and she always wrote cheerfully to them. Occasionally, but very rarely, she was allowed to go and visit her friends the Raymonds.

No news ever came of Mrs. Warren. She might have been a myth; so completely had she passed away. There had been an admixture of accident in her neglect; but it

was accident that rather aggravated than excused her conduct. The day after she wrote so warmly to Agnes to come to her in Paris, Sir Edward Destrayes came to her, and entreated her to go to his mother, who was ill; and Mrs. Warren was her most intimate friend: indeed, they were strangers in Paris, and Mrs. Warren was nearly the only person they knew. Lady Destrayes was ordered to the South of France—would dear, kind Mrs. Warren go with her? It would be the greatest kindness in the world! Mrs. Warren spoke French so beautifully, and neither mother nor son spoke it at all. Sir Edward Destrayes was some years younger than Mrs. Warren. The world, if it had been ill-natured, might have said he was a mere boy to her; nevertheless, Mrs. Warren was in love with him, and she hoped it was nothing but his bashfulness that hindered him from declaring himself in love with her. Gladly would she have agreed to the proposed journey; but there was that invitation to Agnes. She must await her answer. Agnes, as we have seen, accepted the offer, which Mrs. Warren felt to be provoking enough—Lady Destrayes needed her so much! What was to be done? A certain Madame de Brissac, to whom she confided her dilemma, offered to take Agnes into her own nursery (without salary) until a better place could be found. Mrs. Warren was enchanted: nothing could be better. She wrote a note to Agnes, telling her she had found her a situation with Madame de Brissac; where she hoped she would be happy, and enclosed her some money, along with Madame de Brissac's address. The preparations for departure were hurried; for the party set out some days earlier than was intended. Agnes and her concerns passed entirely from Mrs. Warren's mind. Six weeks afterwards, searching her portfolio, a letter fell out with the seal unbroken; it was her own letter to Agnes. The sight of it turned her sick. She did not dare to think of what might have happened. She sat for a few moments stupefied, and then hastily flung the accusing letter into the fire, without a thought for the money inside. She tried not to think of Agnes. She did not dare to write to Mrs. Huxley to inquire what had become of her. Mrs. Huxley and Miriam never heard from her again; the Manor House was sold, and Mrs. Warren

passed away like a dream. Meantime she married Sir Edward Destrayes against his mother's wishes. It is to be presumed that he did not find her the angel she was reputed to be; for, at the end of a year they separated. She always got on better alone; but, as she had married without settlement, she had not the wherewith to be so much of an angel in her latter days as in the beginning.

Agnes wondered and speculated what could have become of her. Madame Tremordyn grimly smiled, and said nobody ever made such mischief in life as those who did at once too much and too little. "If you begin an act of benevolence, you are no longer free to lay it down in the middle. So, my dear, don't go off into benevolence. You never know where it will lead you."

When Agnes had been with Madame Tremordyn a little more than a year, Madame Tremordyn's son came home from Africa. He was a handsome, soldierly young man; but grave and melancholy; poetical, dreamy, gentle as a woman; but proud and sensitive. Agnes was nineteen, extremely lovely, with golden hair, blue eyes and a delicate wild-rose complexion; a little too firmly set in figure for her height, but that seemed characteristic. She had learned to be self-reliant, and had been obliged to keep all her thoughts and emotions to herself. At first Madame Tremordyn was proud to show off her son. She insisted that Agnes should admire him, and was never weary of talking about him. Agnes had been trained to be a good listener. Madame liked her son to sit with her, and he showed himself remarkably tractable—a model for sons. He did not seem to care in the least for going out. He preferred sitting and watching Agnes—listening to her as she read—whilst he pretended to be writing or reading. In a little while Madame Tremordyn opened her eyes to the fact that her son was in love with Agnes—Agnes, a portionless orphan, with few friends and no connexions. But Agnes was a mortal maiden, and she loved M. Achille Tremordyn, who might have aspired to the hand of an heiress with a shield full of quarterings.

M. Achille Tremordyn opened his heart to his mother, and begged her blessing and consent to his marrying Agnes. Madame Tremordyn was very indignant. She accused

Agnes of the blackest ingratitude, and desired her son, if he valued her blessing in the least, not to think of her, but dutifully to turn his eyes to the young lady she destined for him, and with whose parents she had, indeed, opened a negotiation. M. Achille declared that he would have his own way; Agnes only wept. The storm of dame Tremordyn's wrath fell heaviest upon her, she being the weakest, and best able to hear it without reply. The result was, that Agnes was sent away in disgrace.

The Raymonds gladly received her, and entered warmly into her case. Madame Raymond declared it was unheard-of barbarism and pride, and that the old lady would find it come home to her. M. Achille Tremordyn left home to join his regiment, first having had an interview with Agnes. He vowed eternal constancy, and all passionate things that to lovers make the world, for the time being, look like enchantment. It was the first ray of romance that had gilded Agnes' life. She loved as she did everything else,—thoroughly, steadfastly, and with her whole heart; but refused to marry, or to hold a correspondence with her lover, until his mother gave her consent. She would, however, wait, even if it were for life.

After her son was gone, Madame Tremordyn felt very cross and miserable. She did not, for one moment, believe she had done wrong; but it was very provoking that neither her son nor Agnes could be made to confess that she had done right.

Agnes remained with the Raymonds, wrapped round with a sense of happiness she had never known before. She assisted Madame Raymond to keep the books; for they would not hear of her leaving them. Madame Tremordyn felt herself aggrieved. She had engaged a young person in the room of Agnes, with whom no man was likely to be attracted; but, unluckily, Madame Tremordyn found her as unpleasant and unattractive as the rest of the world did. She missed Agnes sorely. At length she fairly fretted and fumed herself into a nervous fever. Mademoiselle Bichat, her companion, became doubly insupportable. Madame wrote a note to Agnes, reproaching her with cruelty for leaving her, and bidding her come back. She signed herself the Mother of Achille. There was nothing for it but to go; and Agnes went, hoping that the difficulties that

lay between her and happiness were soluble, and had begun to melt away. The demoiselle Bichat was discarded, and Agnes re-installed in her old place. The old lady was not the least more amiable or reasonable for being ill. She talked incessantly about her son, and reproached Agnes with having stolen his heart away from her, his mother; yet with curious contradiction, she loved Agnes all the more for the very attachment she so bitterly deprecated. If Agnes could only have loved him in a humble, despairing way, she would have been allowed to be miserable to her heart's content. But to be loved in return! To aspire to marry him! That was the offence.

Two years passed over. At the end of them Achille returned on sick-leave. He had had a fever, which had left him in a low desponding state. Madame Tremordyn would not spare Agnes—she could not do without her. She told her she would never consent to her marriage with her son, and that she must submit to her lot like a Christian, and nurse Achille like a sister; which she had no objection to consider her. The sight of Achille, gaunt and worn with illness, made Agnes thankful to stop on any terms.

Achille was greatly changed; he was irritable, nervous, and full of strange fancies. He clung to Agnes as a child to its mother. Her calm and tender gentleness soothed him, and she could rouse him from the fits of gloom and depression to which he was subject. His mother lamented over the wreck he had become; but the love of Agnes had become stronger and deeper. The nature of it had changed, but his need of her had a more touching charm than when, in his brilliant days, she had looked up to him as something more than mortal, and wondered, in her humility, what he saw in her to attract him. Gradually he seemed to recover his health. The shadow that lay upon him was lifted off, and he became like his old self. He was not, however, able to return to the army. He retired, with the grade of captain and the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Madame Tremordyn's fortune was small, and consisted in a life-rent. There would be little or nothing at her death for her son. It was necessary he should find some employment. Through the influence of some relatives, he obtained a situation in the Customs.

The salary was modest, but it was enough to live upon in tolerable comfort. He again announced to his mother his intention of marrying Agnes; and, this time, he met with no opposition—it would have been useless. Agnes was presented to friends and relatives of the clan Tremordyn as the betrothed of Achille. It was half settled that Agnes should pay a visit to her aunt and cousin whom she had not seen for near four years; but Mrs. Tremordyn fell ill, and could not spare her. The visit was postponed till she could go with her husband; and, in the meanwhile, letters of love and congratulation came from them. The whole Tremordyn tribe expressed their gracious approbation of the young English girl their kinsman had chosen, and made liberal offerings of marriage gifts. The good Raymonds furnished the trousseau, and Agnes could scarcely believe in the happiness that arose upon her life. Once or twice she perceived a strangeness in Achille. It was no coldness or estrangement, for he could not bear her out of his sight. He was quite well in health, and, at times, in extravagantly good spirits. Yet he was unlike himself: he appeared conscious that she perceived something, and was restless and annoyed if she looked at him. The peculiarity passed off, and she tried to think it was her own fancy.

The wedding-day came. The wedding guests were assembled in Madame Raymond's best salon; for Agnes was their adopted daughter, and was to be married from their house. Neither Achille nor his mother had arrived. Agnes, looking lovely in her white dress and veil, sat in her room until she should be summoned. The time passed on—some of the guests looked at their watches—a carriage drove up. Madame Tremordyn, dressed magnificently, but looking pale and terror-stricken, came into the room, her usual stately step was now tottering and eager.

"Is my son, is Achille here?" she asked in an imperious but hollow voice.

No one replied. A thrill of undefined terror passed through all assembled.

"Is he here, I ask? He left home two hours ago."

"He has not been here. We have not seen him," replied the eldest member of the family. "Calm yourself, my cousin, doubtless he will be here soon."

There was an uneasy silence, broken by the rustling of dresses, and the restless moving of people afraid to stir; feeling, as it were under a spell. The eldest kinsman spoke again.

"Let some one go in search of him."

Three or four rose at this suggestion. Madame Tremordyn bowed her head, and said "Go!" It was all she had the force to articulate. The guests who remained looked at each other with gloomy forebodings, and knew not what to do. At last the door opened and Agnes entered. A large shawl was wrapped over her bridal dress, but she was without either veil or ornaments; her face was pale, her eyes dilated.

"What is all this? Let me know the worst—what has happened?" She looked from one to the other, but none answered her. She went up to Madame Tremordyn, and said, "Tell me, mother."

But, Madame Tremordyn put her aside, and said:

"You are the cause of whatever ill has befallen him."

A murmur rose from the company; but the poor mother looked so stricken and miserable that no one had the heart to blame her unreason. Everybody felt the position too irksome to endure longer; and, one after another, they glided noiselessly away; leaving only Agnes, Madame Tremordyn, and the good Raymonds. The hours passed on, and still no tidings. The suspense became intolerable. Mr. Raymond went out to seek for information, and also to put the police in motion. Agnes, who had sat all this while still and calm, without uttering a word or shedding a tear, rose and beckoned Madame Raymond to come out of hearing.

"I must change this dress and go home with her; we must be at home when he is brought back."

"But you cannot go there my child—it would be unheard of."

"They will both need me—there is no one who can fill my place—let me go."

She spoke gently, but resolutely. Madame Raymond saw that it was no case for remonstrance. In a few moments Agnes returned in her walking-dress. She laid her hand on Madame Tremordyn, and said:

"Let us go home."

The poor mother, looking ten years older than on the previous day, rose, and leaning

upon Agnes walked feebly to the door. Madame Raymond supported her on the other side; she would have gone with them, but Agnes shook her head and kissed her silently. Arrived at home Agnes resumed her old position. She busied herself about Madame Tremordyn. She made her take some nourishment, chafed her hands and feet, and tried to keep some warmth and life within her; but little speech passed between them.

The weary hours passed on, and no tidings; about midnight a strangely sounding footstep was heard upon the stair. The door of the room opened, and Achille, with his dress disordered and torn, and covered with mud, stood before them. He stopped short at seeing them, and evidently did not recognize them. He did not speak. There was a wild glare in his eye,—he was quite mad.

Madame Tremordyn, in extreme terror, shrank back in her arm-chair, trying to hide herself. Agnes placed herself before her; looking steadily at Achille, she said quietly, "Make no noise, your mother is ill."

He sat down slowly, and with apparent reluctance, upon the chair she indicated. She kept her eye fixed upon him, and he moved uneasily under its influence. It was like being with an uncaged, wild beast; and, what was to be the end, she did not know. At length he rose stealthily and backed towards the door, which remained open. The instant he gained the landing-place he sprang down stairs with a yell. The house door was closed with violence, and he was heard running furiously up the street; his yells and shouts ringing through the air. Agnes drew a deep breath, and turned to Madame Tremordyn, who lay back in her chair speechless; her face was dreadfully distorted. She had been struck with paralysis.

#### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

AGNES roused the domestics for medical assistance, and got Madame Tremordyn to bed, as speedily as possible. Her strength and calmness seemed little less than supernatural. The medical man remained in attendance the rest of the night; but no change for the better took place. Madame Tremordyn lay still speechless, distorted, yet not altogether insensible, as might be seen by her eyes, which followed Agnes

wistfully. No tidings came of Achilles, until the next day at noon, when Mrs. Tremordyn's kinsman came with the news that Achilles had been conveyed to the Bicêtre, a furious maniac. He spoke low, but Mrs. Tremordyn heard him; a gleam of terrible anguish shone from her eyes, but she was powerless to move.

"We must leave him there," said the kinsman. "He will be better attended to than he could be elsewhere. I will make inquiries to-morrow about him, and send you tidings. The physician says it has been coming on for some time. How fortunate, dear girl, that it was before the marriage instead of after: what a frightful fate you have escaped!"

"Do you think so?" said Agnes sadly. "I must regret it always; for, if I had been his wife I should have had the right to be with him ill or well."

"You could do him no good. I doubt whether he would know you; but you are romantic."

Day after day passed slowly on without any change. The accounts of Achilles were that he continued dangerous and ungovernable; that his was one of the worst cases in the house. Mrs. Tremordyn lay helpless and speechless. The guests who had assembled at the ill-omened wedding, had departed to their different abodes; most of them had come up from distant parts of the country for the occasion; none of them resided permanently in Paris. The old kinsman alone remained until Madame Tremordyn's state declared itself one way or other.

One night about a fortnight after her seizure, Madame Tremordyn recovered her speech so far as to be intelligible. She spoke lucidly to Agnes, who was watching beside her, and began to give her some directions about her affairs; but her mind was too much weakened. She blessed her for all her attention and goodness; bade her be the good angel of her son; and, while speaking a stupor benumbed her, and she never awoke from it.

The kinsman assumed the direction of affairs, took possession of her effects, broke up her establishment, made Agnes a present, and a handsome speech, and evidently considered her connection with the family at an end. Agnes went back to the Raymonds to consider what she would do.

The first thing needful, was to recruit her strength. She felt bitterly the severance of the tie between her and the rest of Achilles's family. They had made up their minds that he was never to get better; but, to her, the idea of leaving him to his fate was too painful to contemplate. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered she asked M. Raymond to take her to the Bicêtre. There she had an interview with the head physician; who said that Achilles's case if not hopeless, would be of long duration. Agnes entreated to be allowed to see him—of course she was refused; but her importunity was not to be put by; and, at last she was conducted to his cell. He received her calmly, and declared he knew she would come, and that he had been expecting her since the day before. He seemed quite rational and collected, and entreated her to take him away as it drove him mad to be there. The physician spoke, but Achilles did not heed him. He kept his eyes fixed on Agnes, with a look of touching entreaty. Agnes looked wistfully at the physician, who said to Achilles, "It depends entirely on yourself. You shall go the moment you render it possible for us to send you away."

Achilles put his hand to his forehead, as though endeavoring to follow out an idea. At last he said, "I understand. I will obey."

He gravely kissed Agnes' hand, and attended her to the door of the cell, as though it had been a drawing-room.

"You have wonderful power over that patient, Mademoiselle," said the physician, "are you accustomed to mad persons?"

Agnes shook her head.

"Although he looks so quiet now, I would not be left alone with him for a thousand pounds," said he.

During their ride home, Agnes never spoke; she was maturing a plan in her mind. She asked the Raymonds to procure her some out-of-door teaching. They entreated her to remain with them as their daughter, and to live with them; but she steadily refused their kindness, and they were obliged to desist. They procured her some pupils, whom she was to instruct in music, drawing, and English. She still further distressed the Raymonds by withdrawing from their house, and establishing herself in a modest lodging near the Bicêtre; she attended her pupils,

and visited Achille whenever the authorities permitted. As for Achille, from the first day she came, a great change had come over him. He was still mad, but seemed by superhuman effort, to control all outward manifestations of his madness. His delusions were as grave as ever,—sometimes he was betrayed into speaking of them, and he never renounced them—but all his actions were sane and collected. If Agnes were a day beyond her time he grew restless and desponding. In her personal habits Agnes exercised an almost sordid parsimony—she laid by nearly the whole of her earnings—her clientèle increased—she had more work than she could do. Her story excited interest wherever it was known, and her own manners and appearance confirmed it. She received many handsome presents, and was in the receipt of a comfortable income: still she confined herself to the barest necessities of life. The Raymonds seldom saw her, and they were hurt that she took them so little into her confidence.

A year passed, and Agnes made a formal demand to have Achille discharged from the hospital, and given over to her care. There were many difficulties raised, and a great deal of opposition. M. Achille Tremordyn was not recovered; he was liable to a dangerous outbreak at any moment; it was not a fit charge for a young woman, and much besides; but Agnes was gifted with the power of bearing down all opposition. She argued and intreated, and finally prevailed.

Great was the astonishment of Monsieur Raymond, to see her thus accompanied, drive up to his door: that of Madame Raymond, of course was not less, but the surprise of both reached its height, when Agnes gravely, and without any embarrassment requested him to come with them to the Mairie to see her married. Achille stood by, perfectly calm, but the imprisoned madness lurked in his eyes, and looked out as on the watch to spring forth. He spoke, however, with grave and graceful courtesy, and said that M. and Madame Raymond must perceive that Agnes was his good angel who had procured his deliverance, and that it was necessary she should give him the right to remain with her and protect her. He could not leave her—it was necessary to fulfil their old contract. He said this in a subdued, measured way; but with a suppressed impatience, as if a

very little opposition would make him break out into violence. M. Raymond took her apart, and represented everything that common sense and friendship could suggest. Agnes was immovable. Her sole reply was, "He will never get well there; if he comes to me I will cure him." In the end, M. Raymond had to give way as the doctors had done. He and Madame Raymond went with them to the Mairie, and saw them married.

They went home with them afterwards. Agnes had arranged her modest ménage with cheerfulness and good taste. A sensible good-looking middle-aged woman was the only domestic.

"I have known her long," said Agnes, "she lived with Madame Tremordyn in Normandie, and she knew Achille as a boy, and is quite willing to share my task."

"I believe you are a rational lunatic, Agnes," said M. Raymond. "However, if you fail, you will come to us at once."

They remained to partake of an English tea which Agnes had got up, Achille performed his part, as host, with simple dignity. M. Raymond was almost re-assured. Nevertheless he led her aside, and said, "My dear girl, I stand here as your father. Are you sure you are not afraid to remain with this man?"

"Afraid? O, no. How can one feel afraid of a person we love?" said she, looking up at him with a smile. And then she tried to utter her thanks for all his goodness to her; but her voice choked, and she burst into tears.

"There, there, my child, do not agitate yourself. You know we look on you as our daughter—we love you."

And tears dropped upon the golden curls as he kissed them. Poor Madame Raymond sobbed audibly, as she held Agnes in her arms, and would not let her go. Achille stood by, looking on.

"Why do you weep?" he asked, gently; "are you afraid that I shall hurt your friend? You need not fear,—she is my one blessing. I will make her great—I will!"

He seemed to recollect himself, and stopped, drawing himself up haughtily. Agnes disengaged herself gently from the embrace of Madame Raymond, and Achille attended them courteously to their coach.

There was a dangerous glare in his eyes when he came back. "Now Agnes, those

people are gone. They shall never come back. If they had stayed a moment longer I would have killed them!"

After that evening, the Raymonds did not see Agnes for many months. Whatever were the secrets of her home, no eye saw them; she struggled with her lot alone. She attended her pupils regularly, and none of them saw any signs of weakness or anxiety. Her face was stern and grave; but her duties were punctually fulfilled, and no plea of illness or complaint, of any kind, escaped her. It was understood that her husband was an invalid, and that she did not go into company—that was all the world knew of her affairs.

The old servant died, and her place was never filled up. Agnes went to market and managed all her household affairs before she went to her pupils. Her husband was seen sometimes working in the garden or sitting—if the weather was warm—in the sunny arbor, shaded with climbing plants; but, he never left the house except with his wife.

At the end of three years, the hope to which Agnes had clung with such passionate steadfastness was fulfilled. Her husband entirely recovered his reason; but, in this hour realized there was mixed a great despair. With recovered sanity came the consciousness of all that his wife had done for him, and he had not breadth of magnanimity to accept it. It may be that the habits of rule and self-reliance which had been forced upon her by her position did not exactly suit the

changed position of things—people must brave the defects of their qualities. This trial was the hardest she had endured; but she hid suffering bravely. Her husband respected her—honored her—was always gentle and courteous—did everything except love her; but she loved him, and it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is the love we give to others, not the love they give us, that fills our heart.

Six years after marriage Achille Tremordyn died. He expressed eloquently and even tenderly his sense of all he owed to his wife, and his high opinion of her many virtues, and regretted all she had suffered for him. It was not the farewell that a woman and a wife would wish for; but she loved him, and did not cavil at his words.

After his death she went to live near the Raymonds. She still continued to teach, though no longer from necessity; but, after she had somewhat recovered from the blankness which had fallen on her life, she devoted herself to finding out friendless young girls, and providing them with homes and the means of gaining a living. For this purpose she worked, and to it she devoted all her earnings: recollecting the aunt who had adopted her when she arrived in Paris, and found herself abandoned. The good Raymonds left her a fortune, with which she built a house, and was the mother in it; and many were the daughters who had cause to bless her. She lived to an advanced age, and died quite recently.

SAMUEL GORTON.—Might I ask what is known of the above-named person? He was banished from England in 1646; and going to the New World, founded a sect known as the Gortinians. I have read that his form of worship was not unlike that of the Quakers. Never having heard of this sect in the United States, I am inclined to believe it died with its founder.

W. W.

[Samuel Gorton left London for Boston, U. S. in 1636, and from that place removed in a short time to Plymouth, then to Rhode Island, where he was whipped for his heterodoxy. In 1641 he settled at Providence, where the followers of Roger Williams, to prevent a schism in the colony, fined and imprisoned him and his followers. His treatment is minutely detailed in his work, *Simplicity's Defence against Seven-Headed Policy*, republished in vol. II. of Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society. After his imprisonment Gorton, in company with Randall Holden and John Greene, sailed for England in

1644. Gorton left England the second time in 1648, and settled at Shawomet, which he named Warwick, where he resided until his death in 1677. One biographical notice of him states, that "his opinions on religion were so peculiar, that it is impossible for any one at this day fully to comprehend them." There is conclusive evidence that he was not a Quaker, for in 1656 four of that sect arrived in Boston, and were committed to prison until a ship could be found to carry them back to England, "Lest," says Gorton, "the purity of the religion professed in the churches of New England should be defiled with error." Farther particulars of him will be found in Savage's *Winthrop*, II. 57, 295—299; Hutchinson's *Massachusetts*, I. 117—124, 549; Morton's *Memorial*, 202—206; *Massachusetts Hist. Coll.* XVII. 47—51; and Callender's *Hist. Discourse in Rhode Island Hist. Coll.* IV. 89—92, and II. 9—20. (See also Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, chap. XXV.)]—*Notes and Queries*.

It was a beautiful sight, one calculated to inspire feelings of mirth and gaiety, even in a heart ill at ease with itself. Such a ball-room as the Redouten-Saal is perhaps hardly to be seen elsewhere in Europe. Such music I will venture to say can only be heard in Vienna, where the whole population, from the highest to the lowest, seem to live only that they may dance. Everybody knows the effect of brilliant light on animal spirits; the walls of these magnificent rooms are of a pale fawn color, almost approaching to white—the very shade that best refracts and enhances the effect of hundreds of wax candles, shedding their soft radiance on the votaries of pleasure below. No wonder people are in good spirits; no wonder they throng the spacious halls, or parade the long galleries above, and looking down from their elevated position, pass many a pointed jest and humorous sally on the varied scene that crowds the floor below. No wonder they frequent the refreshment rooms that skirt these galleries, and flirt and talk nonsense, and quiz each other with the cumbrous vivacity of the Saxon race. When I entered from the quiet street, I was dazzled by the glare, and almost stupefied by the hum of many voices, and the pealing notes of one of those waltzes which Strauss seems to have composed expressly to remind the fallen children of Adam of their lost Paradise. From a boy music has made me melancholy—the sweeter the sadder; and although it is a morbid, unmanly feeling, which I have striven hard to overcome, it has always conquered me, it will always conquer me to the last. I felt bitterly out of place amongst these pleasure worshippers. What had I to do here, where all were merry and full of enjoyment? My very dress was out of keeping with the scene, for I was one of a very small minority in civil attire. Gorgeous uniforms, white, blue, and green, glittered all over the ball-room; for in Austria no officer now-a-days ever appears out of uniform; and as an army of six hundred thousand men is officered almost exclusively from the aristocracy, the fair ball-goers of Vienna find no lack of partners in gaudy and war-like attire. The ladies were all masked; not so their respective cavaliers, it being part of the amusement of these balls, that the gentler sex alone should appear incog-

nito, and so torment their natural prey at more than their usual advantage; thus many a poisoned dart is planted, many a thrust driven securely home, without a chance of a parry or a fear of a return. Though Pity is represented in a female garb, it seems to me that woman, when she does strike, strikes harder, straighter, swifter, more unsparingly than man. Perhaps she suffers as much as she inflicts; and this makes her ruthless and reckless—who knows? if so, she would rather die than acknowledge it. These are not thoughts for a ball, and yet they crowded on me more and more as I stood under the musicians' gallery gazing vacantly at the throng.

Victor and his party had not yet arrived. I was sure to distinguish them by Ropsley's scarlet uniform, and I was also sure that in such an assemblage of military connoisseurs the costume of Queen Victoria's body-guard would attract observation and remark that could not pass unnoticed even by so preoccupied a spectator as myself. Besides, I knew the color of Valérie's dress; it was to be pink, and of some fabric, beautiful exceedingly, of which I had forgotten the name as soon as told. I was consequently sure of finding them whenever I wished, so I stood quietly in my corner, and watched the crowd go by without caring to mingle in the stream or partake of the amusements every one else seemed to find so delightful. How poor and vapid sounded the conversation of the passer-by; how strained the efforts at wit; how forced and unnatural the attempts at mystification! The Germans are too like ourselves to sustain for any length of time the artificial pace of *badinage* and repartee. It is not the genius of the nation, and they soon come to a humble jog-trot of old jokes and trite facetiæ, or worse still, break down completely, and stop once for all. The only man that seemed in his element was a French *attaché*, and he indeed entered into the spirit of the thing with a zest and enthusiasm of truly Parisian origin. Surrounded by masks, he kept up a fire of witticism, which never failed or diminished for an instant; like the juggler who plays with half-a-dozen balls, now one, now another, now all up in the air at once. The Frenchman seemed to ask no respite, to shrink from no emergency; he was little, he was ugly, he was not even

gentlemanlike, but he was "the right man in the right place," and the ladies were enchanted with him accordingly. Surrounded by his admirers, he was at a sufficient distance for me to watch his proceedings without the risk of appearing impertinent, and so I looked on, half amused at his readiness, half disgusted with his flippancy, till I found my attention wandering once more to my own unprofitable and discontented thoughts.

"*Mouton qui reve*," said a voice at my elbow, so close that it made me start.

I turned rapidly round, and saw a lady standing so near that her dress touched mine, masked, of course, and thoroughly disguised in figure and appearance. Had it not been for the handsome arm and the camellia she held to her lips, I should not have recognized her as the lady I had spoken to at the door of the Opera, and who had appointed to meet me at this very spot—a *rendezvous* which, truth to tell, I had nearly forgotten.

"*Mouton qui reve*," she repeated, and added, in the same language, "Your dreams must be very pleasant if they can thus abstract you from all earthly considerations, even music and dancing, and your duty towards the fair sex."

"Now what *can* this woman want with me? I wish she would let me alone," was my inward thought; but my outward expression thereof was couched in more polite language.

"Dreaming! of course I was dreaming—and of Madame; so bright a vision, that I could hardly hope ever to see it realized. I place myself at Madame's feet as the humblest of her slaves."

She laughed in my face. "Do not attempt compliments," she said, "it is not your *métier*. The only thing I like about you English is your frankness and straightforward character. Take me up-stairs. I want to speak seriously to you. Don't look so preoccupied."

At this instant I recognized Ropsley's scarlet uniform showing to great advantage on his tall person in the distance; I could not help glancing towards the part of the room in which I knew the pink dress was to be found, for the pink dress would of course have entered with Ropsley, and where the pink dress was there would be *another*,

whom, after to-night, I had resolved *never*, *never* to see again.

My mysterious acquaintance had now hooked herself on to my arm, and as we toiled up the stairs it was necessary to say something. I said the first thing that occurred to me. "How did you know I was an Englishman?" She laughed again.

"Not by your French," she answered; "for without compliment, you speak it as well as I do; but who except an Englishman would go to sleep with his eyes open in such a place as this? who else would forget such a *rendezvous* as I gave you here? who else, with a pretty woman on his arm (I *am* a pretty woman, though I don't mean to unmask), would be longing to get away, and hankering after a pink dress and a black domino at the other end of the room? You needn't wince, my friend; I know all your secrets. You were in the seventh heaven when I interrupted you. I wish you would come down to earth again."

I will not say where I wished *she* would go down to, but I answered gravely and politely enough—"It was not to tell me this you stopped your carriage after the Opera to-night; tell me how I can serve you—I am at the disposition of Madame, though I am at a loss to discover what she means by her pink dresses and black dominoes."

"I will not laugh at you for being serious," she replied. "I am serious myself now, and I shall be for the next ten minutes. Frankly, I know you; I know all about you. I know the drawing-room at Edeldorf, and I know Valérie de Rohan—don't look so frightened, your secret is safe with me. Be equally frank, Monsieur l'Interprète, and interpret something for me, under promise of secrecy. You are an Englishman," she added, hurriedly, her manner changing suddenly to one of earnestness, not unmixed with agitation; "can I depend upon you?"

"Implicitly, Madame," was my reply.

"Then, tell me why Victor de Rohan is constantly at the Hôtel Munsch with his foreign friends; tell me why he is always in attendance on that proud young lady, that frigid specimen of an English 'meess'? Is it true, I only ask you,—tell me, is it true?"

Agitated as was the questioner, her words smote home to her listener's heart. How blind I had been, living with them every

day, and never to see it! while here was a comparative stranger, one at least who, by her own account, had been absent from Vienna for weeks, and she was mistress of the details of our every-day life; she had been watching like a lynx, whilst I was sleeping or dreaming at my post; well, it mattered little which, now. The hand that held her bouquet was shaking visibly, but her voice was steady and even slightly sarcastic as she read her answer in my face, and resumed,

"What I have heard, then, is true, and Count de Rohan is indeed an enviable man. You need not say another word, Monsieur l'Interprète, I am satisfied. I thank you for your kindness. I thank you for your patience; you may kiss my hand; and she gave it me with the air of a queen. "I am an old friend of his and of his family; I shall go and congratulate him; you need not accompany me. Adieu! good sleep and pleasant dreams to you."

I followed her with my eyes as she moved away. I saw her walk up to Victor, who had a lady in blue, Constance, of course, upon his arm. She passed close by him, and whispered in his ear. He started, and I could see that he turned deadly pale. For an instant he hesitated as if he would follow her, but in a twinkling she was lost amongst the crowd, and I saw her no more that night.

I threaded my way to where Ropeley in his scarlet uniform was conversing with a knot of distinguished Austrian officers; they were listening to his remarks with attention, and here, as elsewhere, in the ball-room at Vienna as in the play-ground at Everdon, it seemed natural that my old schoolfellow should take the lead. Sir Harry was by his side, occasionally putting in his word, somewhat *mal-à-propos*, for though a shrewd capable man, foreign politics were a little out of Sir Harry's depth. Behind him stood the much-talked-of pink dress; its wearer was closely masked, but I knew the flowers she held in her hand, and I thought now was the time to bid Valérie a long farewell. She was a little detached from her party, and I do not think expected me so soon, for she started when I spoke to her, but bowed in acquiescence, and put her arm within mine when I proposed to make the tour of the room with her, although, true to the

spirit of a masquerade, not a word escaped her lips. I led her up to the galleries, and placed a seat for her apart from the crowd. I did not quite know how to begin, and contrary to her wont, Valérie seemed as silently disposed as myself. At last I took courage, and made my plunge.

"I have asked to speak to you, to wish you good-bye," I said. "I am going away to-morrow. For my own sake I must stay here no longer. I am going back to the East. I am well now, and anxious to be on service again. I have stayed in the fatherland far too long as it is. To-morrow at daybreak Bold and I must be *en route* for Trieste." I paused; she winced, and drew in her breath quickly, but bowed her head without speaking, and I went on—"Mine has been a strange lot, and not a very happy one; and this must account to you for my reserved, unsociable conduct, my seeming ingratitude to my best and kindest friends. Believe me, I am not ungrateful, only unhappy. I might have been, I ought to have been, a very different man. I shall to-night bid you farewell, perhaps for ever. You are a true friend, you have always borne and sympathized with me. I will tell you my history; bear and sympathize with me now. I have been a fool and an idolater all my life; but I have been at least consistent in my folly, and true in my idolatry. From my earliest boyhood there has been but one face on earth to me, and that one face will haunt me till I die. Was it my fault, that seeing her every day I could not choose but love her? that loving her I would have striven heart and soul, life and limb, to win her? And I failed. I failed, though I would have poured out my heart's blood at her feet. I failed, and yet I loved her fondly, painfully, madly, as ever. Why am I an exile from my country—a wanderer on the face of the earth—a ruined, desperate man? Why, because of her. And yet I would not have it otherwise, if I could. It is dearer for me to sorrow for her sake, than it could ever have been to be happy with another. Valérie, God forbid you should ever know what it is to love as I have done. God forbid that the feeling which ought to be the blessing and the sunshine of a life should turn to its blight and its curse! Valérie."

She was shaking all over; she was weeping

convulsively under her mask : I could hear her sobs, and yet I was pitiless. I went on. It was such a relief in the selfishness of my sorrow, to pour out the pent-up grief of years, to tell any one, even that merry light-hearted girl, how bitterly I had suffered—how hopeless was my lot. It was not that I asked for sympathy, it was not that I required pity; but it seemed a necessity of my being, that I should establish in the ears of one living witness, the fact of my great sorrow, ere I carried it away with me, perhaps to my grave. And all this time the melody of the “Weintrauben” was pealing on, as if in mockery. Oh, that waltz! How often she had played it to me in the drawing-room at Beverley! Surely, surely, it must smite that cold heart even now.

My companion’s sobs were less violent, but she grasped the bouquet in her hand till every flower drooped and withered with the pressure.

“Valérie,” I continued, “do not think me vain or presumptuous. I speak to you as a man who has death looking him in the face. I am resolved never to return. I am no braver than my neighbors, but I have nothing on earth to live for, and I pray to die. I can speak to you now as I would not dare to speak if I thought ever to look in your face again. You have been my consolers, my sister, my friend. Oh, I could have dared to love you, Valérie; to strive for you, to win you, had I but been free. You are, perhaps, far worthier than that proud unfeeling girl, and yet—and yet—it cannot be. Farewell, Valérie, dear Valérie; we shall never meet again. You will be happy, and prosperous, and beloved; and you will think sometimes of the poor wounded bird whose broken wing you healed, only that it might fly away once more into the storm. As for me, I have had no future for years. I live only in the past. Bold and I must begin our wanderings again tomorrow—Bold whom she used to fondle, whom I love for her sake. It is not every man, Countess Valérie, that will sacrifice his all to an idea, and that idea a false one!”

“Stop, Vere!” she gasped out, wildly; “hush, for mercy’s sake, hush!”

Oh! that voice, that voice! was I dreaming? was it possible? was I mad? Still the wild tones of the “Weintrauben” swelled

and sank upon mine ear; still the motley crowd down below were whirling before my sight; and as surely as I saw and heard, so surely was it Constance Beverley who laid her hand in mine, and tearing down her mask, turned upon me a look so wild, so mournful, so unearthly, that, through all my astonishment, all my confusion, it chilled me to the heart. Many a day afterwards—ay, in the very jaws of death, in the sulphurous breach, in the reeling tide of battle, that look haunted me still.

“So true,” she muttered; “O, misery, misery! too late.”

“Forgive me, Miss Beverley,” I resumed, bitterly, and with cold politeness; “this communication was not intended for you. I meant to bid Countess Valérie farewell. You have accidentally heard that which I would have died sooner than have told you. It would be affectation to deny it now. I shall not annoy you any further. I congratulate you on your many conquests, and wish you good-bye.”

She was weeping once more, and wrung my hand convulsively.

“Vere, Vere,” she pleaded, “do not beseege hard upon me; so bitter, so mocking, so unlike yourself. Spare me, I entreat you, for I am very miserable. You do not know how I am situated. You do not know how I have struggled. But I must not talk thus now.”

She recovered her self-command with a strong effort, and pale as death, she spoke steadily on.

“Vere, we may not make our own lot in life; whatever is, is for the best. It is too late to think of what might have been. Vere, dear Vere, you are my brother—you never can be more to me than a dear, dear brother.”

“Why not?” I gasped, for her words, her voice, her trembling frame, her soft, sweet, mournful looks, had raised once more a legion of hopes that I thought were buried forever in my breast; and, despite my cruel taunts, I loved her, even whilst I smote, as the fierce human heart can love, and tear, and rend, and suffer the while, far, far more keenly than its victim.

“Because I am the promised wife of another. Your friend, Count de Rohan, proposed for me this very day, and I accepted him.”

She was standing up as she said it, and

she spoke in a steady measured voice, like a child repeating a lesson; but she sat down when she had finished and tried to put her mask on again. Her fingers trembled so that she could not tie the strings.

I offered her my arm, and we went downstairs. Not a word did we exchange till we had nearly reached the place where Sir Harry was still standing talking to Victor de Rohan. Ropsley, in his scarlet uniform, was whirling away with a lady in a blue dress, whose figure I recognized at once for that of the Countess Valérie. It was easy to discover that the young ladies, who resembled each other in size and stature, had changed dresses; and the Countess, to enhance the deception, had lent her bouquet to her friend. I was giddy and confused, like a man with his death-hurt, but pride whispered in my ear to bear it in silence and seeming unconcern.

Three paces more would bring us to Sir Harry. I should never see her again. In a short time she might perhaps read my name in the *Gazette*, and then hard, haughty, false as she was, she would like to know that I had been true to her to the last. No, I would not part with her in anger; my better angel conquered, and I wrung her hand, and whispered, "God bless you, Constance." "God bless you, Vere," she replied; and the pressure of those soft trembling fingers thrilled on mine for many a day.

I recollect but little more of that ball in the Redouten-Saal. I believe I congratulated Victor on his approaching marriage. I believe I wished Valérie good-bye, and was a little disappointed at the resignation with which she accepted my departure. I have a vague impression that even Ropsley, usually so calm, so selfish, so unsympathizing, accompanied me home, under the impression that I was ill. My mind had been overstrung, and I walked about like a man in a dream. But morning came at last, and with my case sword under my arm, and Bold in a leash at my feet, I stood on the platform of the railway-station, waiting for the departure of my train. An English servant, in the well-known livery, touched his hat as he put a letter into my hand. Miser that I was! I would not read it till I was fairly settled in the carriage. Little thought the faded belle, with her false front, opposite me, or the fat man, with a seal-ring on his

fore-finger, by my side how that scrap of paper was all my wealth on earth; but they were honest Germans, and possessed that truest of all politeness, which does as it would be done by. No inquisitive regards annoyed me during its perusal; no impertinent sympathy remarked on the tears which I am ashamed to say fell thick and fast upon it ere it closed. I have it by me now, that yellow well-worn paper. I have read those delicate womanly characters by scorching sunlight, by the faint glimmer of a picket's lantern, far away on the boundless sea, cramped and close in the stifling tent. If indeed "every bullet has its billet," and any one of them had been destined to lodge in my bosom, it must have found its way right through that fragile shield—ay, carried in with it the very words, which were ineffaceably engraven on my heart. No wonder I can remember it all. Here it is:

"Vere, you must not judge me as men are so prone to judge women—harshly, hastily, uncharitably. We are not all frivolous, selfish, and fond of change, caring only for our amusements, our *conquests*, as you call them, and our enmities. You were bitter and cruel to me last night. Indeed, indeed, I feel you had a right to be so. Vere, I am so, so sorry for you. But you must not think I have treated you unkindly, or with want of confidence. Remember how you have avoided me ever since we came to Vienna; remember how you have behaved to me as a stranger, or at most a mere acquaintance; how you never once inquired about my prospects, or alluded to old times. Perhaps you were right; perhaps you felt hurt, proud, and angry; and yet, Vere, I had expected better things from you. Had I been in your place, I think I could have forgiven, I think I could have cared for, sympathized with, and respected one whom I was forbidden to love. If I were a man, it seems to me that I should not place happiness, however great, as the one sole aim of my existence; that I should strive to win honor and distinction, to benefit my fellow-men, and above all, to fulfil my duty, even with no higher reward here below than my own approval. Vere, when a man feels he is doing right, others think so too. I could be proud, O so proud, of my brother. Yes, Vere, it is my turn to implore now, and I entreat you let me be a sister, a very dear sister to you. As such I will tell you all my griefs, all my doings; as such I can confide in you, write to you, think of you, pray for you, as indeed I do, Vere, every morning and evening of my life. And now let us

dismiss at once and forever the thoughts of what might have been. The past is beyond recall—the present, as you used to say, does not exist. The future none can call their own. There is but one reality in life, and that is Right. Vere, I have done right. I have followed the path of duty. Brother, I call upon you for your help along the rough steep way; you have never failed me yet, you will not fail me now.

"You know my mother died when I was very young. Since then my father has fulfilled the duties of both parents towards his child. As I have grown older and seen more of the world, I have been better able to appreciate his affection and devotion to myself. A little girl must have been a sad clog upon a man like my dear father, a high-spirited gentleman, fond of the world, fond of society, fond of pleasure. Besides, had it not been for me, he would have married again, and he preferred to sacrifice his happiness to his child. Can I ever repay him? No. Whatever may have been his faults, he has been a kind, kind father to me. I will tell you all frankly, Vere, as this is the last time the subject can ever be mentioned between us. Had I been free to choose, I would have been yours. I am not ashamed—nay, I am proud to own it. But you know how impossible it was, how absolutely my father forbade it. To have disobeyed him would have been wicked and ungrateful. I feel that even you would not have respected me had I done so. But of late he has become most anxious to see me settled in life. From his own hints, and Captain Ropeley's open assertions, it seems this alone can stave off some dreadful evil. I do not understand it. I only know I am bound to do all in my power for papa; and that he is entangled with that bad, unprincipled man I feel convinced. O, Vere, it might have been far, far worse. In accepting Count de Rohan, I have escaped a great and frightful danger. Besides, I esteem him highly, I like his society, I admire his open, honorable character. I have known him all my life; he is your oldest friend—I need not enlarge upon his merits to you. His sister, too, is a charming, frank-hearted girl. From all I heard, from all I saw, I had hoped, Vere, that she had effaced in your mind the unhappy recollections of former days. She is

beautiful, accomplished, and attractive; can you wonder that I believed what I was told, and judged, besides, by what I saw? Even now we might be related. You seem to like her, and she would make any one happy. Forgive me, Vere, forgive me for the suggestion. It seems so unfeeling now, whilst I have your tones of misery ringing in my ears; and yet, Heaven knows, your happiness is the wish nearest my heart. Consult only *that*, and I shall be satisfied. To hear of you welfare, your success, will make me happy. I cannot, I must not write to you again. You yourself would not wish it. I feel for you, Vere; I know how you must suffer, but the steel must be tempered in the fire, and it is through suffering that men learn to be great and good. There are other prizes in life besides happiness. There is an hour coming for us all, when even the dearest and closest will have to part. May we both be ready when that hour arrives. And now it is time to bid the long farewell; our paths in life must henceforth be separate. Do not think unkindly of me, Vere; I may not be with you, but I may be proud of you, and wish you every happiness. Forget me—yet not altogether. Dear, dear brother, God bless you! and farewell!"

"Take care of poor Bold."

So it was really over at last. Well, and what then? Had it not been over, to all intents and purposes, long ago? Yes, there was something worth living for, after all. There was no bitterness now, for there was nothing to hope; the cup had been drained to the dregs, and the very intoxication of the draught had passed away, but it had invigorated the system and given new life to the heart. It was much to feel that I had been valued and appreciated by such a woman—much to know that my name would never fall unmeaningly on her ear. And I would be worthy, I would never fail. The sacrifice would be perfected. And though I might never see her again on earth, I would preserve her image pure and unscathed in my heart of hearts. Constance Beverley should henceforth and forever be my ideal of all that was purest and noblest and best beloved in woman.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—THE GOLDEN HORN.

"Johnny, want to see the bazaar?" The speaker was a Greek of the lowest class, depraved and dirty, with a flexibility of limb and cunning of countenance only to be seen in the present representatives of that race who once furnished the sculptor with his glorious ideal of god-like strength and intel-

lectual beauty. I longed to kick him—the climate of Constantinople is provocative of irritation, and I felt that with my bushy beard, my Oriental demeanor, and my acquaintance with Turkish habits and proficiency in the language, it was irritating to be called "Johnny," and asked to "see the

azaar," as though I had been the smoothest and ruddiest ensign, disembarked for a day's leave from yonder crowded troop-ship, an innocent lamb frisking in the sun on my way up to the shambles before Sebastopol.

Yes, I was pretty well acclimatized in Turkey now. A year and more had passed over my head since I had left Vienna, the morning after that memorable ball at the Redouten-Saal, and what changes had that year brought forth! Sir Harry Beverley was gathered to his fathers, and an investigation into that worthy gentleman's affairs had explained much that was hitherto incomprehensible in his conduct as to his daughter's marriage and his connection with Ropsley. The latter had played his game scientifically throughout. He was aware that on a proper settlement being made, by marriage or otherwise, for his daughter, Sir Harry would obtain the fee-simple of certain property which, until such an event, he only held in trust for the young lady's benefit; and as these were the sole funds to which the far-seeing Guardsman could look to liquidate Sir Harry's debts to himself, incurred no one knew exactly how, it was his object to expediate as speedily as possible the marriage of my early love. As she was an heiress he would have had no objection to wed her himself, and indeed, as we have already seen, had entered into terms with her father for the furtherance of this object. That scheme was however defeated by her own determination, and it had long been apparent to my mind that Constance had only married my old friend Victor to escape from the dreadful alternative of becoming Ropsley's wife: that such an alliance promised but ill for the future happiness of both, I could not conceal from myself, and yet so selfish is the human heart, so difficult is it to shake the "trail of the serpent" from off the flowrets of our earthly love, I could not regret as I ought to have done that the two people whom most I cared for in the world, should not be as devoted to each other as is essential to the happiness of those whom the tie of marriage has bound indissolubly together.

Ah! she was Countess de Rohan now, living at Edeldorf in all that state and luxury which she was so well calculated to adorn; and I, what had I done since we parted forever at the masquerade? Well, I

had striven to fulfil her wishes—to rise to honor and distinction, to be worthy of her friendship and esteem. Fame I had gained none, but I had done my duty. Omar Pasha, my kind patron, who had never forgotten the child that sympathized with him at Edeldorf, had expressed himself satisfied with my services; and 'Skender Bey, drunk or sober, never passed me without a cordial grasp of the hand. For more than a year I had shared the fortunes of the Turkish commander and the Turkish Army. I had seen the merits of those poor, patient, stanch unflinching troops, and the shortcomings of their corrupt and venal officers. I knew, none better, how the Turkish soldier will bear hunger, thirst, privation, ill-usage, and arrears of pay, without a murmur; how, with his implicit faith in destiny, and his noble self-sacrifice in the cause of God and the Sultan, he is capable of endurance and effort such as put the ancient Spartan to the blush—witness the wan faces, the spectral forms, gaunt, famine-stricken and hollow-eyed, that so doggedly carried out the behests of the fearless defender of Kara. I have seen him starved and cheated that his colonel might gormandize—ay! and in defiance of the Prophet, drink to intoxication of the forbidden liquid,—and I wondered not, as none who knew the nation need wonder, that Russian gold will work its way to the defeat of a Turkish army far more swiftly than all the steel that bristles over the thronging columns of the Muscovite. Keep the Pasha's hands clean, or make it worth his while to be faithful to his country—forbid the northern eagle from spreading his wing over the Black Sea, and you may trust the Turkish soldier that not a Russian regiment ever reaches the gates of Constantinople. All this I had seen, and for long I was content to cast in my lot with this brave people, struggling against the invader; but my own countrymen were in arms scarce two hundred miles off, the siege of Sebastopol was dragging wearily on from day to day—I felt that I would fain be under the dear old English flag, would fain strike one blow surrounded by the kindly English faces, cheered by the homely English tongues. She was more likely to hear of me, too, if I could gain some employment with the English army; and this last argument proved to me too painfully what I had

vainly striven to conceal from myself, how little these long months of trials, privations, and excitement had altered the real feelings of my heart. Would it be always so? Alas, alas! it was a weary lot!

"Johnny, want to see the bazaar?" He woke me from my day-dream, but I felt more kindly towards him now, more cosmopolitan, more charitable. In such a scene as that, how could any man, a unit in such a throng, think only of his own individual interests or sufferings?

Never since the days of the Crusaders—ay, scarcely even in that romantic time, was there seen such a motley assemblage as now crowded the wooden bridge that traverses the Golden Horn, between bustling, dirty, *dissident* Pera, and stately, quiet, dignified Stamboul, those two suggestive quarters that constitute the Turkish capital. On that bridge might be seen a specimen of nearly every nation under the sun—the English soldier with his burly, upright figure, and staid, well-disciplined air; the rakish Zouave, with his rollicking gait, and professed libertinism of demeanor, foreign to the real character of the man. Jauntily he sways and swaggers along, his hands thrust into the pockets of his enormous red petticoat trousers, his blonde hair shaved close "*à la Khabye*," and his fair complexion burnt red by an African sun long before he came here, "*en route, voyez-vous*, to fill the ditch of the Malakhoff." "Pardon," he observes to a tall, stately Persian fresh from Astracan, whom he jostles unwittingly, for a Frenchman is never impolite save when he really intends insult;—the fire-worshipper, in his long sad-colored robes and high-pointed cap, wreathes his aquiline features into an expression of stately astonishment,—for a Persian, too, has his notions of good breeding, and is extremely punctilious in acting up to them. His picturesque costume, however, and dignified bearing are lost upon the Zouave, for a gilded araba is at the moment passing, with its well-guarded freight, and the accursed Giaour ogles these flowers of the harem with an impudent pertinacity of truly Parisian growth. The beauties, fresh from their bath, attempt, with henna-tinted fingers, to draw their thin veils higher over their radiant features, their bedgown-looking dresses tighter round their plump forms; an arrangement which by some fatality invariably discloses

the beauties of face and figure more liberally than before. Here a Jew, in his black dress and solemn turban, is counting his gains attentively on his fingers; there an Armenian priest, with square cap and long dusky draperies, tells his prayers upon sandal-wood beads. A mad dervish, naked to the loins, his hair knotted in elf-locks, his limbs macerated by starvation, howls out his unearthly dirge, to which nobody seems to pay attention, save that Yankee skipper, in a round hat, fresh from Halifax to Balaklava, who is much astonished, if he would only confess it, and who sets down in his mental log-book all that he sees and hears in this strange country as an "*almighty start*." Italian sailors, speaking as much with their fingers as their tongues, call perpetually on the Virgin; whilst Greeks, Maltese, and Ionian islanders scream, and gesticulate, and jabber, and cheat whenever and however they can. Yonder an Arab from the desert stalks grim and haughty, as though he trod the burning sands of his free, boundless home. Armed to the teeth, the costly shawl around his waist bristling with pistols and sword and deadly yataghan, he looks every inch the tameless war-hawk whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him. Preoccupied is he, though, and ill at ease, for he has left his steed in a stable from whence he feels no certainty that priceless animal may not be stolen ere he returns; and should he lose his horse, what will his very life avail him then? Nevertheless, he can sneer bitterly on that gigantic Ethiopian—a slave, of course—who struts past him in all the borrowed importance of a great man's favorite. At Constantinople, as at New Orleans—in the City of the Sultan as in the Land of the Free, the swarthy skin, the flattened features, and the woolly hair of the negro denote the slave. That is a tall, stalwart fellow though, and would fetch his price in South Carolina fast enough, were he put up for sale to the highest bidder. Such a lot he need not dread here, and he leads some half-dozen of his comrades, like himself, splendidly dressed and armed, with a confident, not to say bellicose, air, that seems to threaten all bystanders with annihilation if they do not speedily make way for his master the Pasha. And now the Pasha himself comes swinging by at the fast easy walk of his magnificent Turkish charger, not

many crosses removed from the pure blood of the desert. The animal seems proud of its costly accoutrements, its head-stall embossed with gold and housings sown with pearls, nor seems inclined to flag or waver under the goodly weight it carries so jauntily. A gentleman of substantial proportions is the Pasha; broad, strong, and corpulent, with the quiet, contented air of one whose habitual life is spent amongst subordinates and inferiors. He is a true Turk, and it is easy to trace in his gestures and demeanor—haughty, grave, and courteous—the bearing of the dominant race. His stout person is buttoned into a tight blue frock-coat, on the breast of which glitters the diamond Order of the Medjidjie, and a fez or crimson skull-cap, with a brass button in the crown, surmounts his broad placid face, clean and close shaved, all but the carefully-trimmed black moustache. A plain scimitar hangs at his side, and the long chibouques, with their costly amber mouthpieces, are carried by the pipe-bearer in his rear. The cripple asking for alms at his horse's feet narrowly escapes being crushed beneath its hoofs; but in Turkey nobody takes any trouble about anybody else, and the danger being past, the cripple seems well satisfied to lie basking in the sun on those warm boards, and wait for his destiny, like a true Mussulman as he is. Loud are the outcries of this Babel-like throng; and the porters of Galata stagger by under enormous loads, shouting the while with stentorian lungs, well adapted to their Herculean frames. Water-carriers and sweetmeat venders vie with each other in proclaiming the nature of their business in discordant tones; a line of donkeys, bearing on their patient backs long planks swaying to and fro, are violently addressed by their half-naked drivers in language of which the poetic force is equalled only by the energetic enunciation; and a string of Turkish firemen, hallooing as if for their lives, are hurrying—if an Osmanli can ever be said to hurry—to extinguish one of those conflagrations which periodically depopulate Pera and Stamboul.

The blue sparkling water, too, is alive with traffic, and is indeed anything but a "silent highway." Graceful caiques, rowed by their lightly-clad watermen—by far the most picturesque of all the dwellers by the Bosphorus—shoot out in all directions from

behind vessels of every rig and every tonnage; the boatmen screaming, of course, on every occasion, at the very top of their voices. All is bustle, confusion, and noise; but the tall black cedars in the gardens of the Seraglio-palace tower, solemn and immovable into the blue cloudless sky, for there is not a breath of air stirring to fan the scorching noon, and the domes and minarets of Stamboul's countless mosques glitter white and dazzling in the glare. It is refreshing to watch the ripple yonder on the radiant Bosphorus, where the breeze sighs gently up from the Sea of Marmora—alas! we have not a chance of it elsewhere; and it is curious to observe the restless white sea-fowl, whom the Turks believe to be the lost souls of the wicked, scouring ever along the surface of the waters, seemingly without stay or intermission, during the livelong day. It is ominous, too, to mark that enormous vulture poised aloft on his broad wing, like a shadow of evil impending over the devoted city. There are few places in the world so characteristic as the bridge between Galata\* and Stamboul.

And now the traffic is brought to a standstill, for the huge fabric has to be opened, and swings back on its hinges for the passage of some mighty craft moving slowly on to the inner harbor to refit. It is a work of time and labor; the former article is of considerably less value to our Moslem friends than the latter, and is lavished accordingly; but though business may be suspended for the nonce, noise increases tenfold, every item of the throng deeming the present an opportune moment at which to deliver his, her, or its opinion on things in general. Nimble fingers roll the fragrant cigarette, and dissonant voices rise above the white spiral smoke into the clear bright air. Close behind me I recognize the well-known Saxon expletive adjuring *Johnny* to "drive on"—said "*Johnny*" invariably returning a blessing for a curse; but "driving on," if by that expression is meant activity and progress, as little as may be. Turning round, I confront a florid Saxon face, with bushy beard and whiskers, surmounting a square

\* The suburb of Pera lying next the Bosphorus, a locality combining the peculiarities of our own Smithfield, St. Giles', and Billingsgate in their worst days. There is another bridge across the Golden Horn, higher up; but its traffic, compared to that of its neighbor, is as that of Waterloo to London bridge.

form that somehow I think I have seen before. "Scant greeting serves in time of strife," and taking my chance of a mistake, I salute my neighbor politely.

"Mr. Manners, I believe? I am afraid you do not recollect me."

"Major Manners, sir; Major Manners—very much at your service," is the reply, in a tone of mild correction. "No; I confess you have the advantage of me. And yet—can it be? Yes, it is—Vere Egerton!"

"The same," I answered, with a cordial grasp of the hand; "but it is strange we should meet here, of all places in the world."

"I always told you I was born to be a soldier, Egerton," said the usher, with his former jaunty air of good-humored bravado; "and here I am amongst the rest of you. Bless me, how you're grown! I should not have known you had you not spoken to me. And I—don't you think I am altered, eh? improved, perhaps, but certainly altered—what?"

I glanced over my friend's dress, and agreed with him most cordially as to the alteration that had taken place in his appearance. The eye gets so accustomed to difference of costume at Constantinople, that it is hardly attracted by any eccentricity of habit, however uncommon; but when my attention was called by Manners himself to his exterior, I could not but confess that he was apparelled in a style of gorgeous magnificence, such as I had never seen before. High black riding boots of illustrious polish, with heavy steel spurs that would have become Prince Rupert; crimson pantaloons under a bright green tunic, single-breasted, and with a collar *à la guillotine*, that showed off to great advantage the manly neck and huge bushy beard, but at the same time suggested uncomfortable ideas of sore throats and gashing sabre-strokes; a sash of golden tissue, and a sword-belt, new and richly embroidered, sustaining a cavalry sabre nearly four feet long,—all this was more provocative of admiration than envy; but when such a *tout ensemble* was surmounted by a white beaver helmet with a red plume, something of a compromise between the head-dress of the champion at Astley's and that which is much affected by the Prince Consort, the general effect, I am bound to confess, became striking in the extreme.

"I see," said I; "I admire you very

much; but what is it?—the uniform, I mean. Staff corps? Land Transport? What?"

"Land Transport, indeed!" replied Manners, indignantly: "Not a bit of it—nothing half so low. The Bashi-Bazouks—Beatson's Horse—whatever you like to call them. Capital service—excellent pay—the officers a jovial set of fellows; and really—eh now? confess, a magnificent uniform. Come and join us, Egerton—we have lots of vacancies; it's the best thing out."

"And your men?" I asked, for I had heard something of these Bashi-Bazouks and their dashing leader. "What sort of soldiers are they?—can you depend upon them?"

"I'd lead them anywhere," replied my enthusiastic friend, whose experience of warfare was as yet purely theoretical. "The finest fellows you ever saw; full of confidence in their officers, and such horsemen! Talk of your English dragoons! why, *our* fellows will ride up to a brick wall at a gallop, and pull up dead short; pick a glove off the ground from the saddle, or put a bullet in it when going by as hard as they can lay legs to the ground. You should really see them under arms. *My opinion is*, they are the finest cavalry in the world."

"And their discipline?" I continued, knowing as I did something of these wild Asiatics and their predatory and irregular habits.

"Oh, discipline!" answered my embryo warrior; "bother the discipline! we mustn't begin by giving them too much of that; besides, it's nonsense to drill those fellows, it would only spoil their *dash*. They behave very well in camp. I have been with them now six weeks, and we have only had one row yet."

"And was that serious?" I asked, anxious to obtain the benefit of such long experience as my friend's.

"Serious"—replied Manners, thoughtfully; "well, it was serious; pistols kept popping off, and I thought at one time things were beginning to look very ugly, but the chief soon put them to rights. They positively adore him. I don't know whether he punished the ringleaders. However," added he, brightening up, "you must expect these sort of things with Irregulars. It was the first time I was ever shot at, Egerton;

it's not half so bad as I expected: we are all dying to get into the field. Hulloh! they have shut the bridge again, and I must be getting on. Which way are you going—to the Seraskerât? Come and dine with me to-day at Messire's—Salaam!"

And Manners strutted off, apparently on the best of terms with himself, his uniform, and his Bashi-Bazouks. Well! he, too, had embarked on the stormy career of war. It was wonderful how men turned up at Constantinople, on their way to or from the Front. It seemed as if society in general had determined on making an expedition to the East. Dandies from St. James's street were amusing themselves by amateur soldiering before Sebastopol, and London fine ladies were to be seen mincing about on the

rugged stones of Pera, talking bad French to the astonished Turks with a confidence that was truly touching. It was Europe invading Asia once more, and I could not always think Europe showed to advantage in the contrast. A native Turk, calm, dignified, kindly, and polite, is a nobler specimen of the human race than a bustling French barber or a greedy German Jew; and of the two latter classes Pera was unfortunately full even to overflowing. Well, it was refreshing to have crossed the bridge at last—to have left behind one the miserable attempt at Europeanism, the dirt, the turmoil, and the discomfort of Pera, for the quiet calm, the stately seclusion, and the venerable magnificence of Stamboul.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE SERASKERAT.

TRUE Believers were thronging in and out of the great mosque of St. Sophia, pious in the consciousness of their many prostrations, rigorous in their observance of the hour of prayer. A *mollah* was shouting from one of the minarets, calling north, south, east, and west on all the faithful servants of the Prophet to offer up their daily orisons; and the infidel, as we term him, responded zealously to the call. Business was drowsily nodding in the bazaar; and the tradesman, sitting cross-legged on his counter, pointed feebly with his pipe towards the rich wares which his customer seemed barely to have energy to select. Slipshod Turkish ladies, accompanied by their negre damsels, were tripping slowly home from the bath, peeping at the Giaour through the thin folds of their *yash-maks* with curiosity not untempered by scorn. Pot-bellied children, pashas in miniature, holding up their garments with one hand, whilst they extended the henna-dyed fingers of the other, waddled after the stranger, now spitting at him with precocious fanaticism, now screaming out something about "Bono Johnny" and "Para," in unseemly cupidity for an alms. Dogs, gorged and sleepy, the recognized scavengers of the streets, lay coiled up in each shady corner and recess. Everything betokened somnolence and repose. The very sentry at the gate of the Seraskerât had laid his musket carefully aside, and was himself leaning against the wall in an attitude of helpless resignation and imbecility. My Turkish uniform, and

his knowledge of my person as attached to the staff of Omar Pasha, served somewhat to arouse him; but ere he was fairly under arms I was already in the inner court of the Seraskerât, and beyond reach of his challenge or his salute. What a contrast did it present to our own Horse-Guards, to which office it is a corresponding institution! Notwithstanding our boasted superiority, notwithstanding the proverbial supineness and indolence of the Sultan's officials, the comparison was hardly in favor of our London headquarters for the hindrance of military affairs. Here was no helpless messenger, whose business it seems to be to *know nothing*, and who answering every question with the unfailing "I will go and inquire," disappears and is seen no more. Here was no supercilious clerk, whose duty would appear to enjoin concealment of all he *does* know, and an imperative necessity of throwing difficulties in everybody's way. Here was no lingering for hours in an ante-room, to obtain a five minutes' interview of authoritative disapprobation, on the one hand, and submissive disappointment on the other. On the contrary, at the foot of the stairs leading to the Seraskier's apartments were collected a posse of bustling, smart attendants, all alive and willing to assist in whatever was going on. Foreign officers, chiefly Hungarians, passed to and fro in eager conclave or thoughtful meditation. Interpreters were on the alert to solve a difficulty, and well-bred, active horses stood saddled and bridled, ready to start at a moment's notice with an

order or a despatch. A knavish dragoman was jabbering bad Italian to a Jewish-looking individual, who I concluded must be a contractor; and a tall colonel of Turkish cavalry rolling a cigarette in his brown, well-shaped fingers, stood looking on in dignified indifference, as if he understood every word of their conversation, but considered it immeasurably beneath his haughty notice.

I sent up my name by a slim-waisted young officer, a Turk of the modern school, with long hair and varnished boots, over which, however, he was forced to wear India-rubber goloshes, that on going into the presence of a superior he might pay the indispensable compliment of uncovering his feet; and almost ere I had followed him three steps up-stairs he had returned, and informing me that I was expected, held aside the curtain, under which I passed into the presence of the Seraskier.

Again, how unlike the Horse-Guards! the room, though somewhat bare of furniture, was gorgeously papered, painted, and decorated, in the florid style of French art; a cut-glass chandelier hung from the centre of the ceiling, and richly framed mirrors adorned the walls. From the windows the eye travelled over the glorious Bosphorus, with its myriads of shipping, to the Asiatic shore, where beautiful Scutari, with its background of hills and cypresses, smiled down upon the waters now gleaming like a sheet of burnished gold. A low divan covered with velvet cushions and costly shawls stretched round three sides of the apartment, and on this divan were seated in solemn conclave the greatest general of the day and the Seraskier or Commander-in-chief of the Turkish Army.

Some knotty point must have been under discussion before I entered, for Omar Pasha's brow was perplexed and clouded, and a dead silence, interrupted only by the bubble of the Seraskier's *narghileh*, reigned between the two. The latter motioned me courteously to seat myself by the side of my chief; an attendant brought me a spoonful of sweetmeat, a tiny cup of strong, thick coffee, and an amber-tipped chibouque adorned with priceless diamonds, and filled with tobacco such as the houris will offer to the true believer in Paradise. I knew my assistance would soon be required; for al-

though Omar Pasha is a good Turkish scholar, few men save those to whom it is almost a mother-tongue can converse fluently for any length of time with a Turk in his own language: so I smoked in silence and waited patiently till I was wanted.

True to the custom of the country, Omar Pasha resumed the conversation in an indifferent tone, by a polite inquiry after his excellency's health, "which must have suffered from his exertions in business during the late heats."

To this his excellency replied, "that he had been bled, and derived great benefit from it; but that the sight of his highness, Omar Pasha, had done him more good than all the prescriptions of the *Hakim*."

A long silence, broken only as before; Omar Pasha, who does not smoke, waxing impatient, but keeping it down manfully.

The Seraskier at length remarked without fear of contradiction, that "his highness was exceedingly welcome at Constantinople," and that "God is great."

Such self-evident truths scarcely furnished an opening for further comment, but Omar Pasha saw his opportunity and took advantage of it.

"Tell the Seraskier," said he to me, as being a more formal manner of acknowledging his courtesy, "that his welcome is like rain on a parched soil; that Constantinople is the paradise of the earth, but the soldier ought not to leave his post, and I must return to the army, taking with me those supplies and arrears of pay of which I stand in need."

All this I propounded in the florid hyperbole of the East.

"Assuredly," answered the Seraskier, a stout, sedate, handsome personage, who looked as if nothing could ruffle or discompose him, and was therefore the very man for the place,—"Assuredly, the beard of his highness overflows with wisdom; there is but one God."

This was undeniable, but hardly conclusive; Omar Pasha came again to the attack.

"I have made a statement of my wants, and the supplies of arms, ammunition, and money, that I require. The army is brave, patient, and faithful; they are the children of the Sultan, and they look to their father to be fed and clothed. That statement has

been forwarded to your excellency through the proper channels. When the children ask for bread and powder to fight the accursed 'Moscov,' what is their general to reply?"

"Bakaloum" (we shall see), answered the Seraskier, perfectly unmoved. "If your highness' statement has been duly forwarded, doubtless it has reached our father the Sultan, with the blessing of God. Our father is all-powerful; may he live for a thousand years."

Omar Pasha began to lose patience.

"But have you not seen and read it yourself?" he exclaimed, with rising color; "do you not acknowledge the details? do you not know the urgency of our wants? have you not taken measures for supplying them?"

The Seraskier was driven into a corner, but his sang-froid did not desert him for a moment.

"I have seen the statement," said he, "and it was cleverly and fairly drawn up. The war is a great war, and it has great requirements. By the blessing of God, the armies of the faithful will raze the walls of Sebastopol, and drive 'the Moscov' into the sea. Kismet—it is destiny, praise be to Allah!"

"Before I get on board ship, before I leave the quay at Tophana, I must have those supplies shipped and ready to sail," urged Omar Pasha, now thoroughly roused, and showing his European energy in strong contrast to the Oriental apathy of the other; "I cannot proceed without them, I must have them by the end of the month. Orders must be sent out to-night—will you promise me this?"

"Bakaloum" (we shall see), replied the Seraskier, and after a few unmeaning compliments the audience ended, and I accompanied my Chief down stairs into the courtyard of the Seraskerât.

"And this, my dear Egerton," said he, as he mounted his horse to proceed to his own quarters, "is one of the many difficulties with which I have to contend. Nobody knows any thing—nobody cares for any thing—nobody *does* any thing. If we had but a Government, if we were not paralyzed, why with such an army as mine I could have done much. As it is, we are worse than useless. If the men have no

shoes, no powder, no bread, and I apply to the authorities, as I have done to-day, it is 'Bakaloum' (we shall see). We shall indeed see some fine morning when the troops have all deserted, or are starved to death in their tents. Every official, high and low, seems only to look-out for himself; what is there for us but to follow the example? And yet what chances lost! what an army thrown away!"

"But the Allies will soon take the place," I remarked, wishing to look on the bright side of things if possible, "and then our plan of a campaign is feasible enough. We shall sweep the whole of the Crimea, and strike him such a blow in Asia as will cripple our old friend the 'Russky,' for many a long day."

Omar smiled and shook his head. "Too many masters, friend Egerton," he replied; "too many masters. The strings are pulled in Paris, and London—ay, and in Vienna too. Diplomats who do not know their own business are brought forward to teach us ours, and what is a General to do? There should be but one head to two hands. Here we have it all the other way. No, no, it is all 'Bakaloum' together, and we must make the best of it! I will send for you to-morrow if I want you."

As he rode away in his long, dark overcoat and crimson fez, I looked after his manly, nervous figure, and thought to myself what a commander would that have been in any other service in the world. Had he but chanced to be born a Pole instead of a Croat, would the Danube still form the line of demarcation between the eagle and its prey? Would the Sultan be even now basking in beauty and revelling in champagne amongst the enervating delights of the Seraglio gardens? Would the balance of power in Europe be still held in equipoise! and the red flag, with its star and crescent, still flaunt over the thronging masts of the Golden Horn?

Several of my old acquaintances crowded round me ere I left the court-yard of the Seraskerât, welcoming me back to Constantinople, and eager to learn all the trifling news of the day; every man believing every other to be better informed than himself as to all that was going on in the front. I could gratify them but little, as my duty had now for some considerable period removed

me from the scene of active operations. Truth to tell, I longed ardently to be in the field once more.

Amongst others, my old comrade, Ali Mesrour, the Beloochee, touched me on the shoulder, and greeted me with the heartfelt cordiality that no Asiatic ever assumes save with a fast and well-tried friend. The last time I had seen him he was engaged with some half-dozen Cossacks on the heights above Baidar, in the most romantic portion of the Crimea. He had kept them gallantly at lance's length for more than ten minutes, and made his escape after all, wounded in two places, and leaving three of his enemies dismounted on the field. Then he was ragged, jaded, dirty, and half-starved, for we were all on short rations about that time; now I should hardly have recognized him, sleek, handsome, and debonair, dressed, moreover, with unparalleled magnificence, and carrying, as is the custom of these warriors, all his worldly wealth, in the jewelled hilt of his dagger, the mounting of his pistols, and the costly shawls that protected his head and wound about his middle. He seized me by the right hand, and pressed it to his heart, his eyes, and his forehead; then poured forth a volume of welcomes in the picturesque language of the East.

Could I do less than ask after the welfare of Zuleika, the gallant animal to whom I owed liberty and life?

"Allah has preserved her," replied the Beloochee, "and she is now in a stable not far from this spot. Her skin is sleek and fair; she is still my soul, and the corner of my heart."

"May she live a thousand years," was my comment; "to her and her master I am indebted for being here now. She is one of the best friends I ever had."

The Beloochee's eyes sparkled at the recollection.

"It was a favorable night,"—he answered—"and destiny was on our side. The dog of a Cossack! What filth I made him devour! How he rolled in the dust and gasped at the kisses of my sharp knife! The Effendi rode in pain and weakness, but Allah strengthened him. The Effendi can walk now as well as when he left his mother's side."

We were strolling together down one of the shady, narrow streets that lead to the water's edge, for I was on my return to Pera, and the Beloochee, in his delight at meeting his old comrade, would not suffer me to proceed alone. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the scorching heat which had reigned all day was at last tempered with the breeze from the Black Sea. O! blessings on that breeze from the north! Without it how could we have endured the stifling atmosphere of Roumelia in the dog-days? By one of those wonderful arrangements of nature, which, after all (being accounted for on natural principles,) would be far more wonderful were they not so, this welcome air began to blow every day at the same hour. I used to look for it as for the coming of a friend. If he was not with me at half-past three, he was sure not to be later than five-and-twenty minutes to four; and when he did come, I received him with bare brow and open arms. Ere we reached the bridge, the climate from being well-nigh unbearable had become delightful, and all the inhabitants of Constantinople seemed to have turned out to drink in new life at every pore, and enjoy the unspeakable refreshment of a lowered temperature, till the dews should fall and the sun go down.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—A TURK'S HAREM.

As we neared the water's edge, my companion started and turned perfectly livid, as if laboring under some fearfully strong emotion. True to his self-command, however, he allowed no other outward sign to betray his feelings. In front of us walked a Turkish lady, closely veiled of course, and accompanied by a female negro slave. Following the Beloochee's gaze, I observed by the lady's dress and demeanor that she was of high rank, and in all probability the property of some great man, a Pasha at

least. At that time a black attendant argued no inferiority on the part of the mistress as it does now. It is only since the peace of '56 that the negro woman has been at such a discount in Stamboul as to fill every corner of the streets with her lamentations, looking in vain for a purchaser, a master, and a home.

The cause of this sudden fall in the value of a strong, servicable article, which had hitherto commanded a fair and remunerative price, is to be found as usual in the enter-

prise of speculators, and the luxurious tendencies of an unfeeling public. The far-seeing slave-dealers who provide the Turkish market with Circassian wares had no difficulty in foretelling that the Treaty of Paris would abandon to their fate those gallant mountaineers of the Caucasus who have so long and so manfully struggled for independence from the Russian yoke, and that soon they must bid an eternal farewell to their lucrative traffic in Circassian beauty, and their judicious supply of wives for the Pashas of Constantinople. Accordingly, ere the treaty came into operation, and the Government of the Czar was authorized to forbid the export of its new subjects, they proceeded to buy up, far and near, every eligible young lady of Circassian origin, and forward her as speedily as possible to the Emporium of Matrimony at Constantinople. Nor was this so hard a lot for these mountain-daisies as it may at first sight appear. They are taught to look upon the slave-market of the Turkish capital as the arena in which they are to contend for the prizes of life—namely, comfortable quarters, luxurious baths, a house full of slaves, and a rich master. To be deprived of her season at Stamboul is a bitter disappointment to a Circassian belle. We in England cannot understand this. Our fair Anglo-Saxons broil in London through the dog-days simply and entirely for the exquisite delights of its amusements and its society. Who ever heard of an English girl going to a ball with any ulterior view but that of dancing? Who ever detected her paying her modest court to an elderly Pasha (of the Upper House) for the sake of having jewels and amber, and gilded arabas and slaves, at her disposal? Who ever knew a blooming rose of June that would have made the treasure of his life to Lazarus, and changed his gloomy dwelling to a bower of Paradise, transplanted by her own desire to the hothouses of Dives, there to queen it for a day among all his plants and exotics, and then pine neglected and withering away? No, no, we know nothing of such doings, but the trade flourishes handsomely in the East, and consequently the spring and summer of '56 saw Constantinople literally *smothered* in beauty. I use the word advisedly, for an Oriental enslaver, in the language of Burns, is "a lass who has acres of charms," and a Pasha purchases

his wife as he does his mutton, by the pound. Now, demand and supply, like action and re-action, are "equal and contrary," nor is woman more than any other marketable commodity exempt from the immutable law; so when this invasion of beauty came pouring into Constantinople, the value even of a Circassian decreased steadily in an alarming ratio, till a damsel that, in the golden days of gallantry, would have fetched a hundred and fifty pounds sterling, was now to be bought "warranted" for five! Mark the sequel. Luxury crept in amongst the lower classes. The poor Turkish artizan, ambicioning a Circassian bride, sold his tools, his all—nay, his faithful black wives, to purchase the unheard-of blessing. The poor negro women were turned adrift into the streets. Who was to bid for them? During the worst period of the panic, black women were selling in Constantinople at a shilling a dozen!

The Beloochee griped my arm hard. "It is Zuleika!" he whispered between his set teeth. "She has not seen me—she does not know I am here. Perhaps she has forgotten me!"

"Let us follow her," said I, for in truth I sympathized with poor Ali, and my English blood boiled at the manner in which he had been deprived of his bride.

The Beloochee loosened his dagger in its sheath, and drew the folds of his shawl tighter round his waist. "Efendi," said he, "you are a true comrade—Bismillah! the end is yet to come."

The lady and her attendant walked provokingly slow, looking at every object of curiosity on their way, and making it exceedingly difficult for us to adapt our pace to theirs without exciting observation in the passers-by. At length they reached the waterside, and summoning a caïque pushed out into the Bosphorus. We were speedily embarked in another and following in their wake, our caïque, or boatman, at once penetrating our intentions, and entering into the spirit of the thing with all the fondness for mischief and intrigue so characteristic of his class. As we glided along over the rippling waters we had ample time to dispose our plans, the object of which was to give the Beloochee an opportunity of communicating with his lost love, to learn, and if possible to rescue her from her fate. "Keep close

to that caïque," said I to our sympathizing waterman, "and when we are secure from observation go up alongside." The rascal showed all his white teeth, as he grinned intelligence and approval.

So we glided down the beautiful Bosphorus, past marble palaces and glittering kiosks, till we came under the very walls of a building, more magnificent than any we had yet passed, with a wide frontage towards the water, supported on shafts as of smoothest alabaster, the closed lattices of which, with its air of carefully guarded seclusion, denoted the harem of some great dignitary of the empire, who was in the habit of retiring hither to solace himself after the labors of government and the cares of state. Through a gate of iron trellis-work, beautifully designed and wrought, we caught a glimpse of a lovely garden, rich in gorgeous hues, and sparkling with fountains murmuring soothingly on the ear, whilst from the lofty doors, securely clamped and barred, wide steps of marble reached down to the water's edge, lipped and polished by the lazy ripple of the waves.

Here we brought our bark alongside the object of our chase, but we had reckoned without our host in counting on the imperturbability of a lady's nerves, for no sooner had the Beloochee turned his face towards Zuleika, and whispered a few short syllables straight from his heart, than with a loud shriek she tossed her hands wildly above her head, and fainted dead away in the bottom of the caïque.

At that instant the boat's nose touched the lower step of the palace, and the negro woman, almost as helpless as her mistress, began screaming loudly for assistance, whilst a guard of blacks opening the huge double doors came swarming down to the water's edge, scowling ominously at the Beloochee and myself, who with our mischievous boatman had now shoved off and remained at some distance from the shore.

There was but one thing to be done, and that quickly. "*Hakim!*" I shouted to the blacks, who were bearing the lifeless form of the girl up the palace steps; "I am a doctor, do you want my assistance?" and at the same time, I handed my pencil-case and the back of a letter to my comrade. Alas! he could not write, but in a hurried whisper entreated me, if possible, to com-

municate with Zuleika, and bear her the message which he confided to me from his old and faithful love.

By dint of threats and a kick or two, I prevailed on my friend the caïque, who began to think the fun was getting too hot for him, to pull ashore; and boldly mounting the steps, I informed the chief of the harem-guard authoritatively that I was a physician, and that if the Khanum's (lady's) life was to be saved, not a moment must be lost. She was evidently a favorite wife of her lord, for her fainting fit seemed to have caused much commotion in the household, and during his absence the major-domo of the harem took upon himself, not without many misgivings and much hesitation, to admit me, a *giaour* and a *man*, within the sacred and forbidden precincts.

The Turks have a superstitious reverence for the science of medicine, which they believe, and not without reason, to be practised by the Franks more successfully than by themselves. To my adoption of the character of a *Hakim* I owed my present immunity and my entrance into that sanctum of a Turk's house, which it is considered indecorous even to mention in conversation with its master.

I do not lay claim to more courage than my neighbors, and I confess it was with a beating heart that I followed the helpless form of Zuleika borne by her swarthy attendants up the palace steps, through the massive doors which swung and closed behind me, as if to shut out all chance of escape, to find myself at the top of a handsome staircase, on the very threshold of the women's apartment. What confusion my entrance created! Shrieks and jeers, and stifled laughter resounded on all sides, whilst black eyes flashed inquiring glances at the Frankish doctor; veiled, indeed, but scarcely dimmed by the transparent folds of the *yash-mak*, and loosely clad forms in all the colors of the rainbow, flitted hither and thither, with more demonstration of activity than the occasion seemed to warrant.

I had heard much of the discipline of these caged birds, and pictured to myself, with sympathizing pity, their isolated condition, cut off from friends and relatives, weighed down by all the fetters of wedlock, but denied the consolations of domestic happiness, and had imagined that the Turk-

ish woman was probably the most unhappy of all the daughters of Eve. What a deal of commiseration thrown away! Perhaps no woman in the world is more completely her own mistress in her own way than is the wife of a Turkish dignitary. Habit reconciles her to the veil, which indeed is of the thinnest material, and is almost her only restriction. She can walk abroad for business or pleasure, attended by only one female slave, and with such a convoy comes and goes unquestioned. It is only of very late years that an English lady could walk through the streets of London without at least as efficient a guard. The Oriental beauty, too, has her own hours and her own apartments. Even her lord himself, he whom we picture as a turbaned Blue-beard, despotic in his own household, the terror of his wives and servants, preserves a chivalrous etiquette towards the lady that adorns his harem. He does not venture to cross the threshold of her apartment should he find her slippers placed outside. It is a signal that he is not wanted, and nothing would induce him to be guilty of such an act of rudeness as to go in. He comes at stated times, and his visits are always preceded by due notice. He lavishes handsome presents on his departure, and when he is unable to sun himself in the sight of her beauty, in consequence of his other engagements, and the rest of the suns in whose rays it is his duty to bask, he provides her with caïques and arabas to take her abroad, and furnishes her with plenty of pin-money to spend in the delightful occupation of shopping.

The chief of the negro-guard looked wistfully at me as I accompanied him, rolling the whites of his eyes in evident uncertainty and perturbation. As, however, Zuleika

was still senseless, it seemed absolutely necessary that I should prescribe for her before my departure, and, accordingly, he motioned me to follow the stout blacks who were carrying her into the very inner recesses of the harem.

As I passed through those luxuriously-furnished apartments, I could not refrain from casting many a curious glance around at the diverse implements and accessories of the Turkish toilette, the many devices practised here, as in all lands, by ladies to "keep them beautiful or leave them neat." Costly shawls, silks from India, muslins like the web of the gossamer, and brocades stiff and gorgeous as cloth of gold, were scattered about in unlimited profusion, mixed with amber beads, massive gold chains, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, French watches set to Turkish time, precious stones of every value and hue, sandal-wood fans, and other rare knick-knacks, mixed up with the most insignificant articles one can imagine, such as card-racks, envelope-cases of papier-maché, small brushes with oval mirrors at the back, and all sorts of trifles sent out from Paris and bought in Pera, to amuse those grown-up children. The rooms were lofty and spacious, but the casements, even those that overlooked the gardens, jealously closed, and the lattices almost impervious even to the cool northern breeze. Bath-rooms opened from either side of the apartments, and every appliance for that Turkish luxury was of the most complete kind. At length we reached the room appropriated to Zuleika's especial use, and as her bearers laid her on the divan, I observed that in this more than in any other apartment of the palace luxury reigned supreme. I argued Zuleika must be, at least for the present, the reigning favorite and queen of the Seraglio.

**MOUNTED STAFF-OFFICERS.**—By an order just issued from the Horse Guards, regulating the qualifications of officers to be appointed in future on the staff, the aides-de-camp, &c., are required to be adepts in taking, among other things, "flying sketches on horseback." Now, I should thank any correspondent of "N. & Q." who would point out to me any apparatus or manner in which this may be accomplished, having, when whirled along in the old mail-coach, found it a most impracticable matter; and to a mounted officer, it seems to me next to an impossibility: for, so long ago as the time

of Swift, a similar difficulty is pointed out, even by Hannah, Lady Acheson's maid, who remarks to her mistress;

"A Captain of Horse never takes off his hat,  
Because he has never a hand that is idle;  
For the right holds the sword, and the left  
holds the bridle."—*Hamilton's Bawn*,  
lines 106—8.

We may have many ambidextrous aides-de-camp, but I have never yet heard of a Briareus among them?—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Examiner.

*The Eventful Voyage of H. M. Discovery Ship "Resolute" to the Arctic Regions in Search of Sir John Franklin and the missing Crews of H. M. Discovery Ships "Erebus" and "Terror," 1852, 1853, 1854. To which is added an Account of her being fallen in with by an American Whaler after her abandonment in Barrow's Straits, and of her Presentation to Queen Victoria by the Government of the United States.* By George F. M'Dougall, Master. Longman and Co.

ARCTIC literature would have been incomplete, of course, without a book devoted to the story of the "Resolute," and we are very well content that such a book should be supplied, as it is here, from the journals of a sailor who can tell in his own natural way the round, unvarnished tale of his experience, and under whose narrative we feel often the swelling of brave thoughts, and the stir of an emotion that gives power to his words although he has no skill whatever as a writer.

The interest in the story of the voyage of the "Resolute" arises partly out of the perils and escapes of the ship itself, but is more especially fixed upon that portion of the narrative which describes the adventures of the several travelling parties sent out from her when in winter quarters. Of these parties the most important was the one under Lieutenant Bedford Pim, which secured the rescue of the crew of the "Investigator," and so joined the story of the "Resolute" to that of the discovery of the North-west Passage. The public has already read in journals written on board the "Investigator" that first incident of the rescue which we here quote from another record:

"Lieut. Pim, in the meantime, was crossing the Straits, and on the 6th April the 'Investigator' was descried. Running on in advance of the sledge, Pim approached within a few hundred yards without being observed. It so happened that Captain M'Clure and Lieut. Haswell were walking to and fro alongside the ship, no doubt discussing the all-engrossing subject of abandoning the vessel, which was to have taken place on the 15th inst. (nine days from that date). Seeing a man dressed in an unusual garb, running with great haste towards them, they expressed surprise, but thought, as a matter of course, the man must be one belonging to the 'Investigator,' chased probably by a bear or a pack of wolves.

"On a closer inspection they thought he must be an Esquimaux; but although laboring under this impression, Captain M'Clure naturally called out (in English), 'In the name of God, who are you?' The effect of the answer, 'I am Lieut. Pim of the "Resolute" (Captain Kellett), now at Melville Island,' may, or rather must be conceived; for as I am aware I could not describe it, I do not intend attempting it.

"Whilst this little scene was being enacted, a man from the deck saw Lieut. Pim, and indistinctly caught his answer. Rushing below he roused all hands, by calling out, 'here's a stranger alongside from some ship.' The effect was astounding; the sick vied with the healthy in activity to get on deck. All was haste and confusion; in a moment the lower deck was cleared, the carpenters had dropped their tools (they were making their first coffin), and even the men on shore, digging a grave, seeing that something unusual had occurred, hurried off to share in the astonishment and delight of their excited shipmates."

Mr. M'Dougall thus tells how the news of the rescue reached the "Resolute":

"Tuesday, April, 19th.—Day remarkably fine. Refraction very great. At 10 A.M. several dark spots, unlike the shade thrown by hummocks, were observed to the westward about Cape Bounty. By noon the 'dark objects' proved to be a body of men advancing towards the ship, and great anxiety prevailed until we learnt the news from Banks' Land.

"About 5 P.M. a party of men were dispatched to assist in bringing in the sledges, and most of the officers walked out to meet Domville, who was recognized through a telescope, somewhat in advance of the main body. As we grasped him by the hand (which, as well as his face, was as black as the ace of spades), his words 'the "Investigator" is found, and M'Clure is close behind'—overpowered us with surprise, and the poor fellow was overwhelmed with a thousand questions, ere time was allowed to answer one.

"Hurrying on, with some of my brother officers I had the pleasure of adding my welcome and congratulations to Captain M'Clure and Mr. Court (second master); the latter had been an old schoolfellow, and afterwards a messmate of mine in H.M. brig 'Ranger.' This was our first meeting after a lapse of eleven years. Poor fellows! a few words sufficed to inform us of the miserable state from which we had rescued them, and their hearts overflowed with gratitude towards those who (by the blessing of the Almighty) had been chosen as the instruments of his never-failing mercy.

"Our feelings on this occasion were those of heartfelt thankfulness that our labor had not been in vain, and each member of our little community must have felt his heart glow with honest pride, to reflect that he formed one of the little band whose undertakings in the cause of humanity had been crowned with such signal success. About 6 P. M. we had the before-mentioned officers and seven men on board. Although eager to learn all the news, close questioning was very properly postponed, until their appetites had been quite satisfied."

The rescued men were nearly all suffering from scurvy :

"M'Donald (the man who was brought over on the sledge) was in a dreadful state; his flesh would retain an impression, if touched with the finger, like dough or putty; his legs were swollen to twice their natural size; whilst his teeth could be moved to and fro in the gums by the slightest movement of the tongue. He, however, recovered his health."

We draw upon Mr. M'Dougall for an anecdote very suggestive of the hunger that must have been endured by the recovered crew.

"Perhaps the smallest quantity of provisions ever consumed by a travelling party, where sufficient could have been obtained, occurred in Captain McClure's party of eight men, when he first reached Barrow's Straits from the westward, and thus established the existence of the NORTHWEST PASSAGE, in October, 1850.

"The party was away ten days, and consumed during that period (exclusive of chocolate and tea) the following solids only :—viz. pemecian, 18 lbs; biscuit, 40 lbs.

"The cause is attributed to the want of water, the quantity of fuel being insufficient to afford the necessary supply.

"Amongst the numerous anecdotes illustrative of the biting hunger to which they were subjected, the following are amusing enough to create a smile even amongst the sufferers. Whenever any game was killed, the hunter had the privilege of retaining certain parts of the animal; and in addition a pound of meat was awarded to those who left the ship for the purpose of bringing on board the carcass. This latter service seldom fell to the lot of the hunter, if the animal had been shot at any great distance from the vessel, as in most cases he was glad to rest awhile after his exertions.

"On one occasion an officer volunteered to go for the carcass of a deer. 'Certainly,' replied the Commander, 'you of course will obtain your pound of meat.' The officer ex-

pressed his satisfaction and was turning away, when the Captain, seized with a sudden fit of generosity, added—And Mr. —, if you leave early to-morrow morning—say four o'clock—I shall allow you to have two ounces and a half of oatmeal in addition!' the officer looked his thanks, but was unable to express his gratitude in words. Report adds, the vision of such a splendid breakfast in perspective caused him a very restless night."

Of experiences during the voyage of the "Resolute" we will now glean from Mr. M'Dougall's pages a few notes.

#### "ESQUIMAUX AT CAPE YORK.

"The so-called village consisted of three seal-skin tents erected on the inner slope of Cape York, close beside a huge glacier. The inhabitants consisted of two old women, who might have been belles in their younger days; if so, their present personal appearance would tend to prove beyond a doubt that beauty is but fleeting. Three younger and more comely women, each with a child at her back, were presumed to be the wives of the only three men we observed. Besides these there were nine children of different ages, all as healthy as they were dirty.

"The appearance of the interior of the tents was quite in keeping with their persons. The skins strewn around were any thing but inviting, and although not very fastidious, it would take a considerable time to reconcile one to the thoughts of seeking repose amongst so much filth. Strewn around on the outside of the tents were bones of birds and seals, besides a quantity of putrid seal flesh and intestines, sending forth an offensive smell,

"We of course considered this to be the refuse, on which probably the dogs were fed, but were soon enlightened by seeing one of the ancient ladies take a portion of the entrails, and swallow a quantity of it as Itakans do macaroni. Being however a few yards in length, she was unable to swallow the whole, and therefore contented herself with a foot or two, which was severed with a knife. This feat completed our disgust, and after the captain had distributed a few presents, we retraced our steps towards the boats, pitying in our inmost hearts the sad lot of these poor wretches, whose only means of subsistence must be very precarious; for having no boats, they are necessitated to trust to killing their prey between the cracks in the ice. And here it may not be unworthy of remark, that no other community in the known world, frequenting sea coasts, are without some description of vessel."

## "PARRY'S THEATRE RE-OPENED.

"Nov. 23rd. 1852.—All has been hurry and bustle for the last fortnight, in preparing scenes, decorations, dresses, &c., for the theatre. In addition to being a committee man, I was obliged to take on myself the responsible offices of scene-painter and dress-maker; the former was sufficiently difficult in consequence of the want of proper materials; to remedy which we were obliged to have recourse to soot, blacking, chalk, &c.

"The dress-making business was, indeed, extremely puzzling, particularly in the ladies' department; but success attended our enterprising efforts, and although much criticised, elicited warm expressions of admiration.

"The skirts and polka jackets had been brought from England. A stiff duck petticoat made a capital substitute for a hair ditto; this, with the addition of a comforter stuffed with oakum, made the after part of the dress resemble a miniature St Paul's dome.

"This evening the Theatre Royal, Melville Island, was re-opened after a lapse of thirty-two years. Indeed, no dramatic corps had visited the Island since the breaking up of the first establishment under the management of Captain Parry, in 1820.

"On the curtain rising, the following prologue (which I had written for the occasion) was spoken by Dr. Domville, in character, as 'The Hyperborean King':

"'Tis now some two and thirty years ago,

\* This region of eternal ice and snow  
Was first discovered by one Edward Parry,  
Who near this spot eleven months did tarry;  
Ice-bound as you are now,—like you in hope  
Next season's summer's sun the ice might  
ope, &c. &c.'"

## "READING THERMOMETERS BY LAMPLIGHT.

"Adie's thermometer, supplied from Kew Observatory, may be considered the standard for and below the freezing point of mercury, but the colorless fluid and faint graduations are highly objectionable, particularly in such a climate as is experienced within the Arctic Circle; the difficulty of reading off is much increased, and in many cases the registration was worse than useless; for by the time the observer had succeeded in detecting the whereabouts of the fluid, and the corresponding degree, the radiation of the heat from the lamp, which was necessarily held close, had affected the temperature of the immediate atmosphere, which has been proved to be as much as 2 degrees in half a minute.

"I should therefore suggest that thermometers containing colored (red) fluid, with the graduations marked in a legible manner, should be supplied to vessels wintering in these regions."

## "RETURN OF THE ARCTIC SUN.

"Saturday, Feb. 5th.—For the last few days the sun's near approach to the horizon had been proclaimed by an extended arch of light, with a few small crimson clouds floating in a golden sea. O! with what pleasure did we all look forward to his actual presence.

"Refraction,—corrections of all descriptions,—not forgetting the dip from the top of Dealy Island, 160 feet high,—were worked out minutely, and the result of our calculations led us to expect he might possibly be seen for the space of a few minutes at noon on the 4th.

"The weather on that day, however, was unfavorable; a cold, sharp wind, with mist, prevailed. But the 5th was a glorious day, clear, cloudless, and cold.

"During the forenoon officers and men might have been observed stopping occasionally during their monotonous walk on the floe, and contemplating with feelings of quiet rapture the southern horizon, as the arch gradually increased in extent and brilliancy.

"Officers,—aye, and sedate ones too, on most occasions, might have been observed jumping as high as the weight of their clothes permitted, fondly hoping to be the first to welcome the glorious source of light and warmth to these inhospitable shores.

"At length, at 11.30 A.M., the flag on Dealy Island was hoisted, announcing to the little world below the fact of the sun being visible from that elevation. The ensigns on board both vessels were immediately hoisted, in honor of the prodigal's return, after an absence of ninety-three days.

"A few minutes only elapsed, when the rays of his upper enlightened limb dazzled the eyes of those who were anxiously gazing from the floe. Every eye-lid drooped before the novel glare, but the features of all bore an expression indicative of happiness. The very dogs appeared more animated, and seemed to have an innate sense that better days were coming. Giving an additional cock to their tails and ears, they gambolled with each other, and looked, in truth, a set of merry dogs."

## "THE LEMMING.

"Several amusing anecdotes are told of this little creature by the officers of the various travelling parties. Lieut. Meham observes, that on one occasion, Buffer (an Esquimaux dog) was trudging along, nose to the ground, quite unconscious of danger, when a lemming, suddenly starting from its cavern, seized poor Buffer by the nose, inflicting a severe wound. The dog, astounded at such an unexpected assault, gave a dismal howl, and at length shook the enemy off;

after which he became the attacking party, and in less than a minute the imprudent lemming disappeared between the jaws of the Tartar he had attempted to catch.

"My own experience of those industrious little warriors tended to prove they possessed a strange combination of sociality and combativeness. Industrious they most certainly are, as is proved by the complicated excavation of their subterranean cities; besides which, every feather and hair, of bird and animal, found in the vicinity of their dwellings is made to contribute its iota of warmth and comfort to the interior of their winter quarters.

"I had many opportunities of watching their movements during my detention in Winter Harbor. My tent happened to be pitched immediately over one of their large towns, causing its inhabitants to issue forth from its thousand gates to catch a view of the strangers. Frequently, on waking, we have found the little animals, rolled up in a ball-like form, snugly ensconced within the folds of our blanket bags; nor would they be expelled from such a warm and desirable position without showing fight. On several occasions I observed Naps (the dog) fast asleep, with one or two lemmings huddled away between his legs, like so many pups."

Mr. M'Dougall says that, thanks to Captain Kellett and his officers, the "Resolute" under all rigors of the Pole perfectly main-

tained the character it had obtained during her first voyage in 1850 under Captain Austin as "a happy ship." Throughout this volume we feel that the Master is quite right in his opinion, and we perceive that, although he never magnifies an office of his own, he contributed his full share of good work and good feeling towards making the ship a happy one. We close our notice with this sketch of the crew of the "Resolute" towards the conclusion of its second winter in the frozen deep.

"I think I have never yet observed such a studious body of men as are now on board the 'Resolute.' I have frequently walked round the deck of an evening for the express purpose of ascertaining their occupations, and have as frequently been gratified to find *all* employed; most of them reading or writing (for many keep journals), whilst the minority are repairing clothes, and listening to one of their messmates, reading aloud from a library book, stumbling over the hard words, or leaving them out altogether to be filled up by the imagination of his hearers. Navigation, music, and even drawing, have their votaries, and it would indeed be difficult to recognize, in the studious features of our ship's company, the British sailor of the present day with that described by Dibdin, or imitated by the T. P. Cooke school."

**THE OLD HUNDREDTH TUNE.**—A good history of congregational singing would be very interesting and amusing. About the close of the seventeenth century there were great doubts as to the propriety of singing in divine worship on the Lord's day, to clear up which Benj. Keach wrote his book called *The Breach Repaired; or Singing an Holy Ordinance*. In my boyish days it was never questioned that the Old Hundredth was a composition of Luther's: now this is denied; but it is certain this tune was used by the Reformers from his time. The first printed copy of it, in my possession, is in the French-German Psalter the preface to which says:

"Touchant la melodie, il a semblé le meilleur, qu'elle fust moderée, en la sorte que nous l'avons mise, pour emporter peids et majesté convenable au sujet: Et mesme pour estre propre à chanter en l'Eglise, selon qu'il a esté dit. De Geneve, ce 10 de Juin, 1543."

This preface was written by Calvin. See *Marsh's Works*.\* The Old Hundredth is put

\* In the royal patent to print this Psalter in France granted 19 Oct. 1561, to Antoine Vincent of Lyons it is described as having "bonne musique comme a esté bien vue et cognue par gens doctes

to Psalm CXXXIII, and so continued in subsequent editions, of which I have those of Crespin, 1555; Vincent, 1562; Le Bas, 1567, and Estienne, 1567 and 1568. In the early Scotch Service books, Edinb. 1615 and 1635; Aberdeen, 1633, the Old Hundredth is placed to the 100th psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," &c. It will also be so found appended to the early Genevan English Bibles from 1576, and to the Jubilate (Ps. 100) in that printed at Geneva by Crespin, 1568, "with apt notes to sing withall."

[The Marlowe and Keach controversy touching Psalm-singing is of all curiosities the most remarkable. It runs through about thirty little volumes. The arguments of Hanserd Knollys and Isaac Marlowe took this course: "The church (Baptist) never sang until Mr. Keach came among us. There is no such thing in the Old Testament that the Church of God, minister and people, men and women, did ever vocally sing together in church worship." Richard Allen came out in defence of Keach, and his *Singing of Psalms a Christian Duty* deserves to be reprinted.]—*Notes and Queries*. en l'art de musique." There is no mention of the composers.

From The Press, August 15.

THE Right Hon. John Wilson Croker died at Sir William Wightman's villa, St. Alban's-bank, Hampton, at ten o'clock on Monday night. The right hon. gentleman had been in declining health for some months past, and had removed from Kensington Palace to Judge Wightman's villa within the last week to see if change of air and scene would have any beneficial effect on his health. The deceased was son of Mr. John Croker, Surveyor-General of Ireland, and was born in December, 1780, in County Galway, Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he greatly distinguished himself, and in 1802 called to the Irish bar. Mr. Croker entered the House of Commons in 1807, for Downpatrick. He sat in eight successive Parliaments, having represented the University of Dublin, Yarmouth, Athlone, and Bodmin in the Lower House of the Legislature. Mr. Croker retired after the election of 1832, when he sat with the Marquis of Douro (now Duke of Wellington) for the disfranchised borough of Aldeburgh, Suffolk. It will be remembered that Mr. Croker was, from his introduction into public life, a great friend of the Duke of York. In 1809, he was appointed Secretary of the Admiralty, which appointment he held until 1830, having in June, 1828, been made a Privy Councillor. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society (1810), D.C.L., LL.D., a Fellow of the Asiatic Society, and of other learned institutions. By his death a pension of £1,500 on the Consolidated Fund ceases, which the right hon. gentleman had enjoyed ever since his retirement from the Admiralty in 1830. The deceased gentleman married, in 1806, Miss Pennell, daughter of Mr. Wm. Pennell, for many years Consul-General at the Brazils, who survives her husband.

The death of the late Right Honorable John Wilson Croker has come without surprise. For the last few years Mr. Croker labored under a singular complication of bodily infirmities, and it was a wonder he lived so long. Born at Galway in 1780, Mr. Croker early came before the public, and in activity of work he was second to none amongst the literary men of his generation. About the value of his writings, and upon the estimate of his character, opinions (even amongst Conservatives) are various and opposite, and it would be ex-

tremely difficult, in the presence of his unburied remains, to offer a strict examination of Mr. Croker's stormy literary career. To use a favorite illustration of his own, Mr. Croker was "the foul weather Jack" of periodical literature. He was bitter and boisterous in his galling derision of an adversary; rapid and unceremonious in attack, if a rejoinder were offered he always showed a determination to have the last word. He was more of a pamphleteer than of a public censor—more of a reviewer than of a critic or essayist—and more of a debater than an orator. There was a certain malign asperity of mind and fierce propensity to energetic disparagement of individuals in Mr. Croker which raised him a swarm of enemies. He left upon numbers the impression that he was one of the pamphleteers of the eighteenth century who came into the world fifty years too late. He had a vast stock of personal and defamatory gossip, more or less authentic; he had a prodigious command of damaging personal allusions; he had an innate propensity to sarcasm, accompanied with literary finish in forging his truculent discharges; he had fluent lips, a mordant tongue, and a front of brass. To "put him down" was out of the question; he existed in being attacked; he liked having a public quarrel on his hands; and he had justifiable confidence in his unflinching stock of vituperation, and corrosive virulence of reply. In literature his best performance was an admirably penned "Sketch of Ireland—Past and Present—1808," which was acute and clear in thinking, and curiously neat in its elaborate imitation of Tacitus. But we think his highest and worthiest mental efforts were in the debate on the Reform Bill in 1831 and 1832, when, after many years of comparative Parliamentary inactivity, he shone forth a brilliant debater, eloquent in statement, and ready in reply. It can be said with truth that neither his political friends nor foes anticipated the extent of Mr. Croker's Parliamentary resources until he appeared in Opposition. During his long tenure of the Secretaryship of the Admiralty he had been looked upon as only one of the subalterns of the old Tory party, and as not being well fitted for playing a leading part in the House of Commons. The question on which he had been used to speak in early years was "Catholic Emancipation," and it was said (we cannot say with what

accuracy) that the Chief of the Tory party did not wish that Mr. Croker should put himself forward too much in debate. In those times etiquette was stricter than now about official subordinates not often appearing "on their legs." Mr. Croker was never a popular man at any time in his connection. He was too habitually censorious, and he did not comport himself with sufficient respect towards his rivals, or his allies. His conception of a critic was that of a literary lictor. Authors of the opposite party, occasionally of the weaker sex, were tied up by him; and Mr. Croker was never happier than when (figuratively) he broke his bundle of rods on the blistered backs of his tortured victims. He, himself, seemed callous to ridicule and reproof. If he was knocked down in argument, he got up again with the temperament of an Irishman at a fair, who thinks that bumps and blows are only compliments to be returned. We fear that in "criticism" (as the literary pamphleteering of the quarterly organs was called) Mr. Croker gave more needless pain to individuals than any reviewer that could be named. If he had the pleasure, he had also the pains of a controversialist. As a political writer he was surpassed by some of his contemporaries. His style had a fatal mannerism, which was happily ridiculed in the remark that "his articles seemed drawn up from the briefs of an Old Bailey attorney." On the "French Revolution" Mr. Croker set up for being especially strong, but his mockery of the supposition that a Napoleon dynasty could ever stand, or be accepted by the French, was not very discriminative; and, on the whole, even on English affairs, he cannot be praised for practical sagacity or clear foresight. The gloomy view which he always took of the national prospects was described by the late Marquis Wellesley as emanating from "a spirit of sanguine despondency." He never discerned the corrective causes which counter-balanced some of the effects of the Reform Bill, and his lugubrious efforts as the Conservative Cassandra in the *Quarterly Review* were so monotonous as to invite bad punsters to play upon their writer's ominous name. It has always been supposed that Mr. Croker was a careful preserver of all his papers, and that he employed much of his leisure on his "Life and Times." His statements must, we fear, be accepted with caution, as he was

a jaundiced observer, and the gall-bladder was too active in his atrabilious composition. Although sarcasm was his favorite weapon, in its employment he was far surpassed by some of his adversaries; and it would be difficult, even for his best friends, to say in what Mr. Croker ever was first-rate. Yet, undoubtedly he had a mind of extraordinary activity; he was quick in acquiring knowledge, tenacious in retaining it; he was polemical by instinct, and controversial by profession; rarely profound in his views, his standard for measuring right and wrong was purely conventional, but his affectation of aristocratic prejudices, and echoing the fashionable cant of the great and high-born, was ridiculous and out of place. On the whole, Mr. Croker was a literary man whose powers were more active than original, and, even allowing their full force to his acuteness and prompt command of details, we fear that the defects of his mind counter-balanced his merits. For several years his connection with the *Quarterly Review* had ceased, and he did not at the close of his career enjoy much of the confidence of many of the leaders of the Conservative connection. The heaviest charges against him probably are that he was never chivalrous in dealing with opponents, and that he never helped the rising talents of his own connection. His self-sufficiency, his jealousy, and his spleen were too often apparent. He did not agree well with the literary supporters of the Conservative party, and one of them (now no more) wrote the coarsest and cleverest epigram since the days of Swift upon Mr. Croker's intimate connection with the late Marquis of Hertford. His biographer (if he have one) will have a most difficult task to perform, and he should be cautious how he lays himself or his principal open to replies; for, judging by what already has appeared in print, we fear little mercy can be expected from political adversaries towards one who exceeded all living journalists and periodical contributors in the excessive license of disparagement which he claimed. But it is only fair to recollect that the times in which Mr. Croker was reared were more passionate than our quieter days, and that the tone of "Liberal" writers was extremely abusive—so that a rose-water school of reviewing would not have been adequate. On the whole, however, it is to be regretted that Mr. Croker did not remain in Parliament, where his ready powers of argument, and his political knowledge, would have been much valued after the Reform Bill. He might then have gained a higher meed of fame than even the partiality of friendship or community of political feelings can venture to assign him now.

From The Athenæum.

*Chasot. A Contribution to the History of Frederick the Great and his Times—[Chasot. Zur Geschichte Friedrichs des Grossen und seiner Zeit].* By Kurd von Schlözer. (Berlin, Hertz; London, Williams & Norgate.)

THE volume before us is one of the ablest and best written historical monographies which have come under our notice from Germany.

Isaac Francis Egmont, Count de Chasot, the scion of an old and noble French family, originally residing in Burgundy, but later settling itself in Normandy, was born, on the 18th of February, 1716, in the town of Caen. He dedicated himself to a military career, and as early as 1734, when France—in order to maintain the succession of Stanislaus Leszynski to the throne of Poland—was waging war with Austria, Prussia, and some other powers of the German Empire, we find him, as a promising young officer, in the suite of the Duke of Berwick, commander-in-chief of the French army then beleaguering the fortress of Philippsburg, on the Upper Rhine. Here (after the Duke, while inspecting the trenches, had been killed at his side by a cannon-ball,—the fortress being taken a month afterwards by the Marquis d'Asfeld, Berwick's successor,) Chasot, as it seems, being himself the provoked party, was involved in a duel, in which he was unlucky enough to kill his adversary, a relative of the Duke of Boufflers, one of the most influential persons at the Court of Versailles, and commander of the regiment Bourbonnais, in which Chasot held an appointment. All the young man's prospects of military promotion were thus blighted,—and, moreover, a most severe punishment awaited him. To escape this, he resolved on flight. Provided with brilliant testimonials respecting his bravery signed by almost all the officers of his regiment, he rode into the Imperial camp, and placed himself under the protection of the enemy's Generalissimo, old Prince Eugene, of Savoy. The veteran received him with kindness,—made him a daily guest in his tent and at his table,—and, by introducing him to the Crown-Prince of Prussia, afterwards King Frederick the Great (then a student of the art of war under the guidance of the warrior of Blenheim), gave a decisive turn to his whole future. Frederick took a

fancy to the buoyant, jovial, and high-spirited young Frenchman,—made him his friend and companion,—the partaker of his frolics, his studies, and his battles,—and though, after a lapse of eighteen years, their friendly intercourse, by some misunderstanding, was interrupted for a considerable length of time, yet in after life it was taken up again; and Frederick, when looking back to the days gone by, was never weary of repeating, with fond recollection,—“*Chasot, c'est le malador de ma jeunesse.*”

After the “military promenade” of 1734 we meet Chasot as one of the most conspicuous members of that gay and witty circle with which Frederick had surrounded himself in his castle of Rheinsberg, that picturesque asylum on the border of the Lake of Grienerick, near Neu-Ruppin, where the Crown-Prince, during the last year before his accession, prepared himself, in a retirement entirely dedicated to literature, art, and the elegant pleasures of a refined court life, for the struggles that were near at hand for him. The chapter dedicated to the description of these things is one of the most attractive of the book. We see the castle which, when it was bought for Frederick, almost resembled a ruin, rebuilt and decorated,—we look down from its windows on the quiet mirror of the wood-encircled lake beneath,—the park full of vases and statues,—invites us to its walks and recesses,—“lords and ladies gay” wander about in its shades,—hunting parties ride forth into the adjoining forests,—balls and masquerades are followed by theatrical representations,—pictures of Voltaire are hanging on the walls, while his works, together with those of Racine, Corneille, Diderot, and the other representatives of French literature, are glistening on the shelves of the library, or lying about on tables and couches,—and the concerts of Graun and Benda, (and sometimes, too, in the stillness of midnight, the rich and mellow tones of a solitary flute,) inform us that we are at the court of a prince who, with all his other accomplishments, combines an enthusiastic love for music, and is an excellent performer himself. Chasot, as may be imagined, did not play the least important part in this brilliant and elevated circle. Young, handsome, clever, and full of animal spirits, he was one of its first ornaments; and Fred-

erick, in his humorous poems to Jordan, speaks more than once of the shining qualities and gay ways of Chasot, that "fin Normand, qui se plaît dans la chasse et le bruit, et qui sert par semestre—

Ou Diane, ou tantôt Venus,  
Et que retiennent en séquestre,  
De leurs remèdes tout perclus,  
Les disciples de Saint Comus."

At the same time he was one of the knights of Frederick's mysterious order of Bayard, thus showing himself worthy of the Prince's confidence also in more serious matters. One thing only, it seems, was not to his taste,—viz., to act, now and then, as Frederick's literary amanuensis. Once, he had copied, by order of the Prince, the manuscript of a French translation of Wolff's "Metaphysik," done for Frederick (in order to facilitate his study of the German philosopher) by his friend Suhm, then ambassador of Saxony at the Court of St. Petersburg. This copy, we are informed, met with a rather fatal accident:—

"Frederick sat now for hours in his little turret-study, absorbed entirely in the reading of Wolff's work, from which he never rose until the page announced that supper was ready. His favorite monkey, Mimi, used to be about him when he studied. One evening, at the usual time, the Prince leaves his room for his supper. The monkey remains behind, with the candle left burning on the writing-table. Near it lies the translation, copied with so much painstaking. After some time the Prince returns to continue his studies,—but what is his terror, when, in entering the room, he sees the loose sheets of the translation burning cheerfully, and for the greatest part consumed already by the flames. Mimi had profited by his absence to jump on the table and indulge in lighting a little bonfire. Thus Frederick describes the incident himself, and declares he has been left in uncertainty only about one thing: whether knowledge-thirsty Mimi had had the intention to devote himself to philosophical studies;—or whether, perhaps, Lange, the fierce opponent of Wolff's work, had bribed the monkey for the destruction of the same;—or whether, lastly, the cunning animal had not been prompted by a desire to take his revenge on Wolff, for putting the race of monkeys so provokingly far below that of men. However this might be, the translation was destroyed, and the whole court laughed heartily at Mimi's tricks. There was only one who did not feel disposed to laugh. This was Chasot.

Dreadful forebodings filled his soul, and they proved to have boded but too true! By Frederick's letter to Suhm, in which the whole event is minutely narrated, we learn what 'tragical fate fell to Chasot's part. "Chasot enrage érieusement de cette aventure; il est obligé de recopier l'original." And so it turned out. Poor Chasot had to copy the whole of the translation over again.

These halcyon days were not to last. The king, Frederick's father, died in May, 1740; the Emperor Charles the Sixth followed him in October of the same year; and, before the year ended, Frederick, at the head of his army, was on his march to Silesia. In the years of war which now followed, Chasot,—who, no doubt, liked better to meet the king's enemies in the field than to copy philosophical manuscripts for the amusement of the king's monkeys,—distinguished himself in the most splendid manner. He was present at more than one encounter,—saved the life of the king in the battle of Mollwitz,—and, in that of Hohenfriedberg, is said to have contributed, by his personal courage and exertions, to the king's carrying the day. Here we have the feat of Mollwitz:

"Just in this critical moment, when Frederick stood surrounded by the wildest press and tumult of the battle, Chasot found himself in his immediate presence. Suddenly a cavalry officer of the enemy's gallops forward with his people, and calls out—'Where is the king?' Chasot, understanding the full importance of the moment, with ready presence of mind, rides instantly up to the Austrian, exclaiming, 'I am the king!' A fierce combat ensues immediately between the two. Soon the companions, too, of the Austrian press upon Chasot, who, in the mean time, has been cut off from his own people. From all sides the swords of the enemy flash upon him; blows are ringing right and left round his head, which the dexterous swordsman tries to evade. There now—the stroke of a heavy broadsword hits his forehead; but at the very moment his people, who had long tried in vain to break through the enemy and to join their valiant leader, rush to his rescue. At their approach the enemy disperse hurriedly. Chasot is led away covered with blood; the blow has cut deep into his head, but his king is saved. Full of gratitude and emotion, the king receives his heroic friend: he has won the lasting esteem of all his comrades; and, in the enthusiastic recollection of this magnificent act of bravery and devo-

tion, Voltaire, at a later period, addresses him with these well-known words,—

“ Il me souvient encore de ce jour mémorable,  
Où l'illustre Chasot, ce guerrier formidable,  
Sauva par sa valeur le plus grand de nos  
rois,

O Prusse ! élève un temple à ses fameux  
exploits ! ”

Services like these were not left unrewarded. More and more the fiery young Frenchman was distinguished by the favor and the confidence of the king. He had arrived at the summit of his fortune; and even the unhappy issue of a duel, in which he had once more the misfortune to kill a fellow-officer,—a rude and overbearing Pole, whom Frederick, it would seem, liked for his dashing prowess, could only for a short while alienate from him the friendship and goodwill of his royal master.

However, a rupture with the king followed nevertheless. After a few years partly spent in garrison, at Treptow, on the Tollensee,—partly at the Art-loving court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz,—partly at the splendid carnivals and carousals of the Prussian capital, and partly in political negotiations with which the king had intrusted him,—prompted by reasons which have never been fully known, but which most likely originated in the rather too great susceptibility of his character, Chasot suddenly left the Prussian service, and took up his residence, in 1752, in the old free Hanse-town of Lubeck. Here he lived for the next seven years, in a sort of dignified retirement, cultivating his garden, and watering his flowers, while Frederick fought at Prague and Collin, at Rossbach and Leuthen, at Zorndorf, at Hochkirch and Kunersdorf. In 1759 he was appointed by the Senate to the post of military commander of Lubeck,—married, in 1760, the beautiful daughter of Stefano Torelli, an Italian artist living at that time

at Lubeck,—became father of two sons, who afterwards entered the army of Frederick,—and, after having outlived the royal friend of his youth by eleven years, died in 1797, in the eighty-second year of his age. It is pleasant to find that his misunderstandings with the king were followed, in 1760, by a lasting reconciliation. It appears that Chasot, in his position at Lubeck, found many opportunities of rendering important services to Frederick. Thus the old cordial intercourse was renewed, and kept up, by correspondence as well as by some visits of Chasot to Berlin, until the death of Frederick separated the veteran friends. The last years of Chasot's life, with those startling events in his own country—the Revolution, the execution of a Bourbon, and the Republic—must have thrown strange and dismal shadows on the soul of the old man. It was on the borders of an entirely new time that his rich and full life came to a close.

Herr von Schlözer, in giving us a description of this life, has acquitted himself of his task in a masterly way. We hardly know which to admire most: the indefatigable industry with which he has brought together, from dusty records, mouldy correspondences, and the little that is left of Chasot's memoirs, the materials for his work,—or the skill of composition, with which he has combined them into a picture so fresh and lively as that before us. We recommend his book to all lovers of history. It is one of the most genuine and valuable contributions towards the knowledge of Frederick the Great we have ever met with; and we do not hesitate to rank it with those *chefs-d'œuvre* of historical biography from the pen of Varnhagen von Ense,—with the Lives of Keith, and of Seydlitz, of Winterfeldt, of Schwerin, and of Blücher.

**DARKNESS AT MID-DAY.**—A phenomenon of this extraordinary nature occurred at Bolton-Moors and the neighborhood, about noon on Monday, March 23, 1857. The wind during the morning had been north-east, with a little snow; at twelve o'clock the air became quite still, and a deep gloom overspread the heavens, increasing so rapidly, that in ten minutes it was not possible to read, or distinguish the features of any person a few yards off. This was the more singular from there being no fog at the time, though snow in very minute particles was falling. The extreme darkness continued about eight minutes, when the horizon at two or three

points assumed a lurid yellow appearance, as though from conflagrations a few miles distant within a quarter of an hour from this time the darkness was dispelled; but such was the alarm caused by the phenomenon, that many persons supposed the world at an end, not a few were made ill by intense nervous excitement, and all were more or less impressed with a feeling of awe. Poultry went to roost, instinct being stronger than habit. Can any of your correspondents explain the cause of this phenomenon, or record any similar occurrences?—*Notes and Queries.*

## DAVID CHARLES BADHAM.

## IN MEMORIAM.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE has this month to deplore the loss of one of its most valued contributors. The Rev. David Badham, M.D., whose contributions have for some years past formed a prominent feature of this Magazine, was released on the 14th ult., in the fifty-second year of his age, from his earthly sufferings, which he had long borne with patience and resignation. He was too remarkable a man to be allowed to pass from among us without some record, however unworthy—an accomplished scholar, a learned antiquary, a good naturalist, an experienced traveller, and a man endeared to his friends by his gentle, affectionate nature.

Dr. Badham came of a family of scholars. His father was Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow, and author of a spirited translation of Juvenal, published in Valpy's *Classical Library*; his brother, Dr. Charles Badham, is well known to all who take an interest in such matters as one of the best Greek scholars of our time, and especially for his remarkable skill in restoring the corrupt text of Plato. To Eton belongs the honor of implanting in David Badham that love for the classical writers which, refined into familiar acquaintance, the readers of this Magazine have had many opportunities of appreciating. From Eton he went to Oxford, and was appointed, after taking his degree, one of the Travelling Fellows of that University. In due time he became a Fellow of the College of Physicians. Health and taste alike induced him to lengthen that residence abroad which his appointment had in the first instance rendered necessary. He remained for some years at Rome, where he is still well remembered, and afterwards at Paris, pursuing his practice as physician. He also travelled for some time as medical adviser and friend to Mr. Thomas Barrett Lennard, who preceded him to the home appointed for all living by a few months only. In 1845 he returned to England, permanently to reside here, and never left this country afterwards. Soon after his return he married a daughter of the late Mr. Deacon Hume, of the Board of Trade, who will long be remembered with honor as one of the originators of the Free Trade policy afterward carried into effect by Sir Robert Peel. About the same period

Dr. Badham was admitted into holy orders at Norwich by the late Bishop Stanley, with whom a community of tastes and strong sympathy on subjects which interested them both—as natural history and the condition of the poor—soon produced an intimacy: and the good Bishop was, we believe, never better pleased than when he received Dr. Badham as a guest at his hospitable palace. But although there was this mental sympathy, no two men could physically be more different. The bishop was all life, and fire, and energy, whilst poor Dr. Badham's health was never equal to more than slight bodily exertion. His career as a clergyman was most exemplary. His piety was unaffected, and his own convictions were so sincere that he knew how to tolerate those of others. The mature age which he had reached when he was ordained enabled him to enter into the sorrows and sufferings of his parishioners in a manner which is simply impossible for a young man fresh from college, and ignorant as yet of the real difficulties of life. He was at first curate of Wymondham in Norfolk, and afterwards of East Bergholt in Suffolk, where he labored for some years more severely than was consistent with his delicate organization. Upon him rested the whole charge of a large and widely scattered parish—for the rector, although resident, was a man of very advanced age—and there he ministered to the spiritual and bodily wants of the people. All whose means were too limited to enable them to secure the aid of the resident medical practitioner, were able to command, night or day, the accomplished skill of the physician-curate. Deeply will his loss be felt in the neighborhood which will know him no more; and many, we feel sure, were the sighs of earnest regret which accompanied his mortal remains to their last earthly home.

For many years Dr. Badham was a regular contributor to the pages of our contemporary, *Blackwood*; and the aid of his graceful pen was transferred to *Fraser's Magazine* only when one whom he honored with his friendship became connected with its management. His contributions to *Fraser*, in addition to the series of papers since collected into a volume under the title of *Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle*, and published with his name, included three papers on Ancient

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Rings, on account of Felixstow in Suffolk, and two articles on Gems, part of a series which his illness prevented him from completing. All these papers had his initials appended, so that the anonymous system, by which the names of so many who instruct and delight the public are prevented from being known was not wholly preserved in his case. Dr. Badham was also the author of two other works—*Insect Life*, published by Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, in 1845; and a large and handsomely-illustrated volume, entitled *The Esculent Funguses of England*,\* which described many species of mushrooms hitherto unrecognized as edible amongst us, although in common use as articles of food on the Continent. We have reason to believe that, in spite of the prejudices which were aroused by this novelty in the culinary art, as novelty everywhere is met, this book has led to a greatly increased consumption of these delicious additions.

The lives of such men as the friend of whom we have been endeavoring to give a sketch, are not fruitful in external events.

\* London: Lovell Reeve. 1847.

They do not accumulate great fortunes, or push forward into dignified positions. Doctor Badham would never have been either physician to the Queen or one of the episcopal bench. But they belong to a very valuable class—their influence lives after them; insensibly they soften and refine and render more hopeful and more truthful all with whom they happen to be brought into contact. The even course of their lives rolls on like that of some gentle, tranquil river toward the sea, fertilizing the plains through which it passes, and carrying ever with it health and peace. It did not require much acquaintance with Dr. Badham to learn that he was a good man, without cant or pretence; and what a man *is*, is both to himself and the world of much more importance, if we could see the world aright, than what he knows; but, besides this, his varied information made him a charming companion—every subject of conversation which arose he illustrated from his stores of knowledge—and there are few men of whom it can be said with equal truth, *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*.

AUTOGRAPHS.—The following extract from a communication to the *Court Gazette*, by Catherine Hutton, will exactly meet the wishes of your correspondent:

"Sir Richard Phillips claims to be the *first collector* of autographs, and it is certain that he was in possession of reams of these precious relics, each arranged by the alphabetical name of the writer. He was so well aware of their value, at a time when they were little thought of by others, that he has been heard to say he would as soon part with a tooth as a letter of Colley Cibber's; and that he expected a grant of land in America for a manuscript of Washington's.

"William Upcott has been styled the *emperor* of autographs, and his labors have been executed in a truly imperial style. He has had printed for distribution among his friends, and for public bodies a magnificent catalogue on royal 4to., containing thirty-two thousand items of autographs. The greater number of these are bound in volumes, and he has spared no expense in the binding, or in the portraits by which they are illustrated. This collection is wholly autograph; but, at the same time, it contains much that is curious and original in antiquity, history, topography, and state affairs.

"Thomas Thorpe, bookseller, of Piccadilly, has been the *merchant* of autographs, the purchaser of ancient and valuable manuscripts for sale. From time to time he sends out cata-

logues, in which each article has its marked price and date; and history and biography have been ransacked for a short elucidation of each. From 1833 to 1836 (both inclusive) he sent me fifteen catalogues of autographs, four of old and scarce books, and one of drawings and prints. The autographs collectively amounted to 25,222; the books to 7402; and the drawings and prints to 2157; the prices annexed to the articles in one catalogue only of the manuscripts amounted to £8929 12s. The mania for autographs has reached France—but can France equal this?"

Collections of autographs had their origin in Germany about the middle of the sixteenth century, where travellers carried with them *white-paper* books, to obtain the signatures of eminent persons, or of new acquaintance. Such a book was called an Album, *Hortus Amicorum*, or *Thesaurus Amicorum*. The oldest in the British Museum is dated 1578 (MS. Sloan. 851.), and appears to have belonged to a lady. The first English work in which a series of facsimiles of autographs appeared was Sir John Fenn's *Original Letters from the Archives of the Paston Family*, 1787. For further particulars on the subject, see the *Penny Cyclopædia*, art. AUTOGRAPH; D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. II. pp. 209–214., and the preface to J. G. Nichol's *Autographs of Persons conspicuous in English History*, Lond. 1829.—*Notes and Queries*.

## DREAMINGS.

SOFTLY the light falls under the eaves,  
Dancing and flickering over the leaves;  
And the little birds from their leafy bowers,  
Hover o'er and amid the sunny flowers;  
Sunlight is streaming o'er river and tree,  
Bright are the visions that linger with me.

There rises before me a lovely scene,  
That seemed while it passed, but a charming  
dream

Of a beautiful stream, where waving trees  
Murmured sweet words to the summer breeze,  
Where a youth and maiden sat side by side,  
And she blushed as he called her his "would-be" bride.

And she laid her hand on his open brow,  
And smiled as she murmured the loving vow;  
And he, as he tossed back his waving curls,  
Wished for diamonds and snow-white pearls:  
To deck the brow he thought so fair,—  
And the pretty stream smiled on the happy pair.

And another scene, of a cold, wet night,  
When the maid was trembling with fright;  
And the tears were resting on her cheeks,  
At the words her handsome lover speaks:  
"Tis the last last time for many years,  
But still, to those hearts come no doubting fears.

But the vision is bright, which now I see,  
And the thought will come, of what *may* be;  
Of the little brown church, and the waving  
trees,

That again shall dance in the summer breeze;  
Of the solemn rite that there is done,  
A few tears fall—and the twain are *one*!

Thus dream we on, through the cares of life,  
O! happy are they who forget its strife;  
And happy the heart that thus can rove,  
Secure in the thought of another's love;  
Happy the maiden, and happy the youth,  
That thus can trust in each other's truth;  
And so trust on till their race is run,  
The goal be reached! and Heaven won!

G. T. J.

## THE FIRST MESSAGE FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

## (STROPHE.)

Poor World! that in wickedness liest

Enthrall'd by the powers of ill,  
And, groaning and travailing sighest  
For better and happier still—

Lo! here is a chance

For helping the right,  
And forcing advance

In the enemy's sight,

By godly confession and brotherly love;

By owning on Whom thou reliest,  
And openly trusting the Ruler above;

By bidding the very first thrill

On the nerve of this telegraph wire

Be—nothing of science, or profit and loss;

But, flashing electrical deeper and higher,

World, let the first heart-stirring message  
across—

(O Message! rejoice, as thou fliest,  
All saints and all angels who fill  
Infinity farthest and nighest)—

Be—"Glory to God in the Highest!  
Peace upon earth and Goodwill!"

## (ANTISTROPHE.)

Ay, Man! who with energy triest  
To conquer by strength or by skill,  
Resolved, though in body thou diest,  
In spirit to wrestle up-hill,

Lo! here is a gain

To be won by a word,

If under the main

The first that is heard

Be brotherly kindness and heavenly praises

If, while thou in courage defiest

The winds and the waves and all peril always,

Enslaving those giants, until

They meekly obey thy desire,—

If thus, the first whisper that proves thee their  
lord,

Their master and gaoler by fetters of fire,  
Be this—the sublimest and happiest word—

(O Message! rejoice as thou fliest,  
All saints and all angels who fill  
Infinity farthest and nighest)—

Be—"Glory to God in the Highest,  
Peace upon Earth and Goodwill!"

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

ALBURY, GUILFORD, July 27, 1757.

## SLEEP.

When in the silvery moonlight  
The lengthened shadows fall,  
And the silence of night is dropping  
Like the gentle dew on all.

When the river's tranquil murmur  
Doth lulling cadence keep,  
And blossoms close their weary eyes,  
He giveth all things sleep.

From the little bud of the daisy,  
And the young bird in the nest,  
To the humble bed of the pleasant child  
All share that quiet rest.

It comes to the poor man's garret,  
And the captive's lonely cell,  
On the sick man's tossing feverish couch  
It lays a blessed spell.

And the Holy One who sends it down  
For a healing and a balm,  
Doth bless it with a mighty power  
Of peacefulness and calm.

He counts the buds that fade and drop,  
And marks all those who weep;  
And closes weary, aching eyes  
With the holy kiss of sleep,

The truest comfort He has given  
For all earth's pain and woe,  
Until that glorious life beyond  
Nor tears nor sleep shall know.

—Mrs. Broderick.